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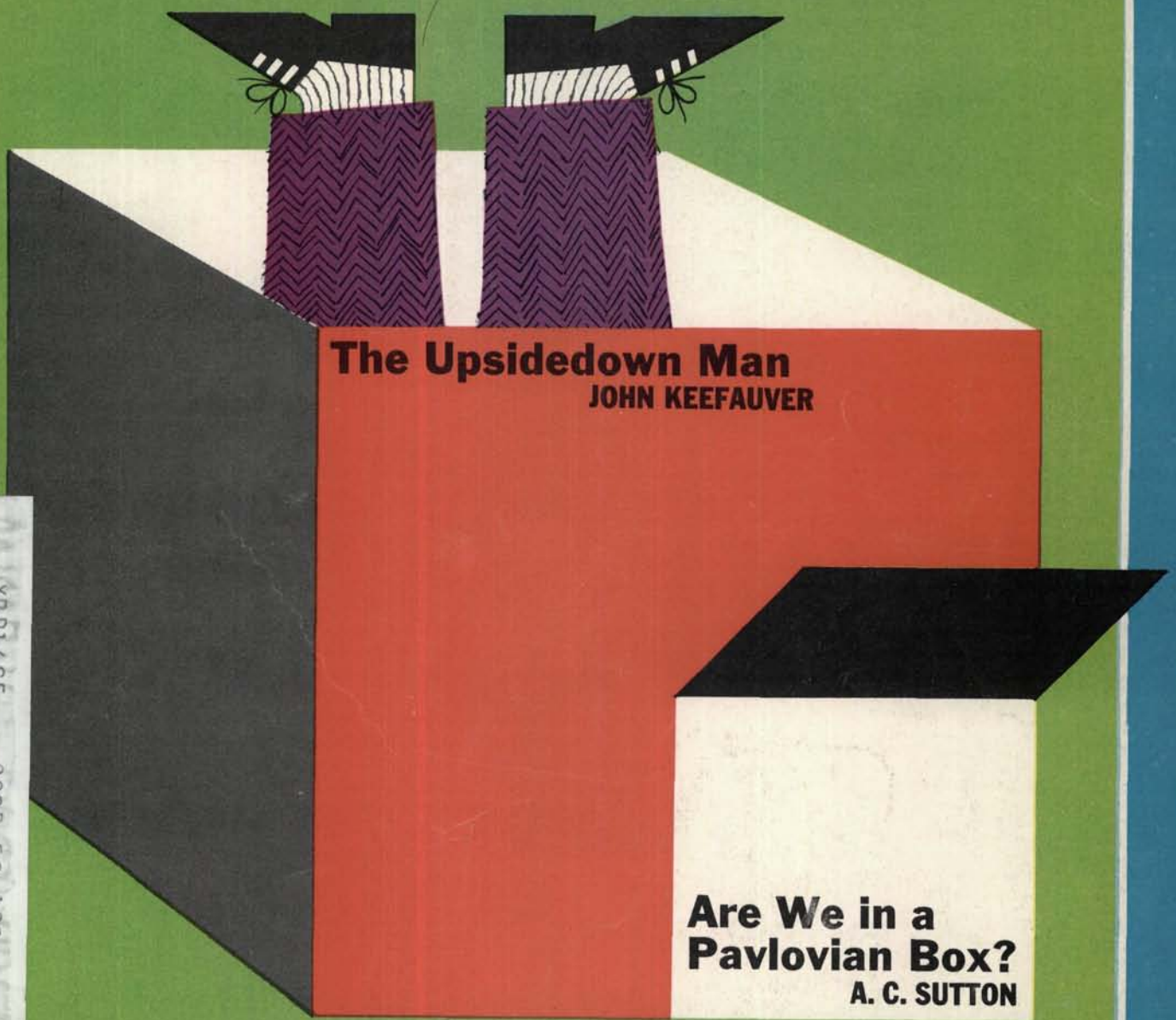
JULY 15, 1969

What Made Westbrook Pegler Unique
PAGE 696

NATIONAL REVIEW



The Upsidedown Man
JOHN KEEFAUVER

Are We in a Pavlovian Box?
A. C. SUTTON

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ROY E SMITH
P O DRAWER N
LIMA OH 45802

Also In This Issue:

WHY POMPIDOU? BY GILBERT COMTE * ON BEING HAD BY THE RADICALS BY DAVID MILLER * ALSO HAZELTON, DAVENPORT, COYNE & BURNHAM *

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When you invest a billion dollars to help the cities, you learn some things.

A lot that is said about urban problems is pure myth.

Myth: "You can't save the cities. If backlash doesn't beat you, Blacklash will."

Myth: "Government can solve the urban problem all alone."

Myth: "Big business can solve the urban problem all alone."

Choose your cliché and come out swinging. So many myths have sprung up around the problems of the cities that the myths themselves are problems.

But when you actually get in and grapple with the problem, the myths just fall away. For example, it might seem very gratifying to businessmen if all they had to do was apply some corporate mind and money to make the cities bloom again overnight. Or, alternatively, if they could simply hang a "For Government Only" sign on the subject and walk away from all responsibility. We in the life insurance business found from experience that neither response is valid.

We found this when we got involved.

Back about 18 months ago, a lot of life insurance companies got together to try to solve some of the inner cities' problems. We felt there was a job we could do there, with our knowledge of investing in housing and in projects that create employment. So the life insurance companies pledged a billion dollars for the effort.

This was no normal, business-as-usual investment. Our business knew that capital for the inner cities was not readily available on reasonable terms, because of risk or location. But nonetheless the need for such funds was very great.

After all, our business is intimately involved with people, with their health and safety. And people live in the cities. You might say that people *are* the cities. The health of one means the health of the other. And both together mean the health of business. Any business.

The billion-dollar investment is now almost completely committed.

And in the process is debunking some myths. Like those we mentioned. Like the myths that "those people never do anything to help themselves," or that "the poor are always with us."

We found constructive people in the cities. Our involvement exposed us to responsible leaders. To people eager to build and improve.

In short, we found people.

Not myths.

We found reason to invest still further.

To pledge a second billion.

A second billion dollars with the same aims as the first.

A second billion that will help utilize what we learned from the first.

To help others learn some things they might do, we've prepared a booklet: "The cities...your challenge, too."

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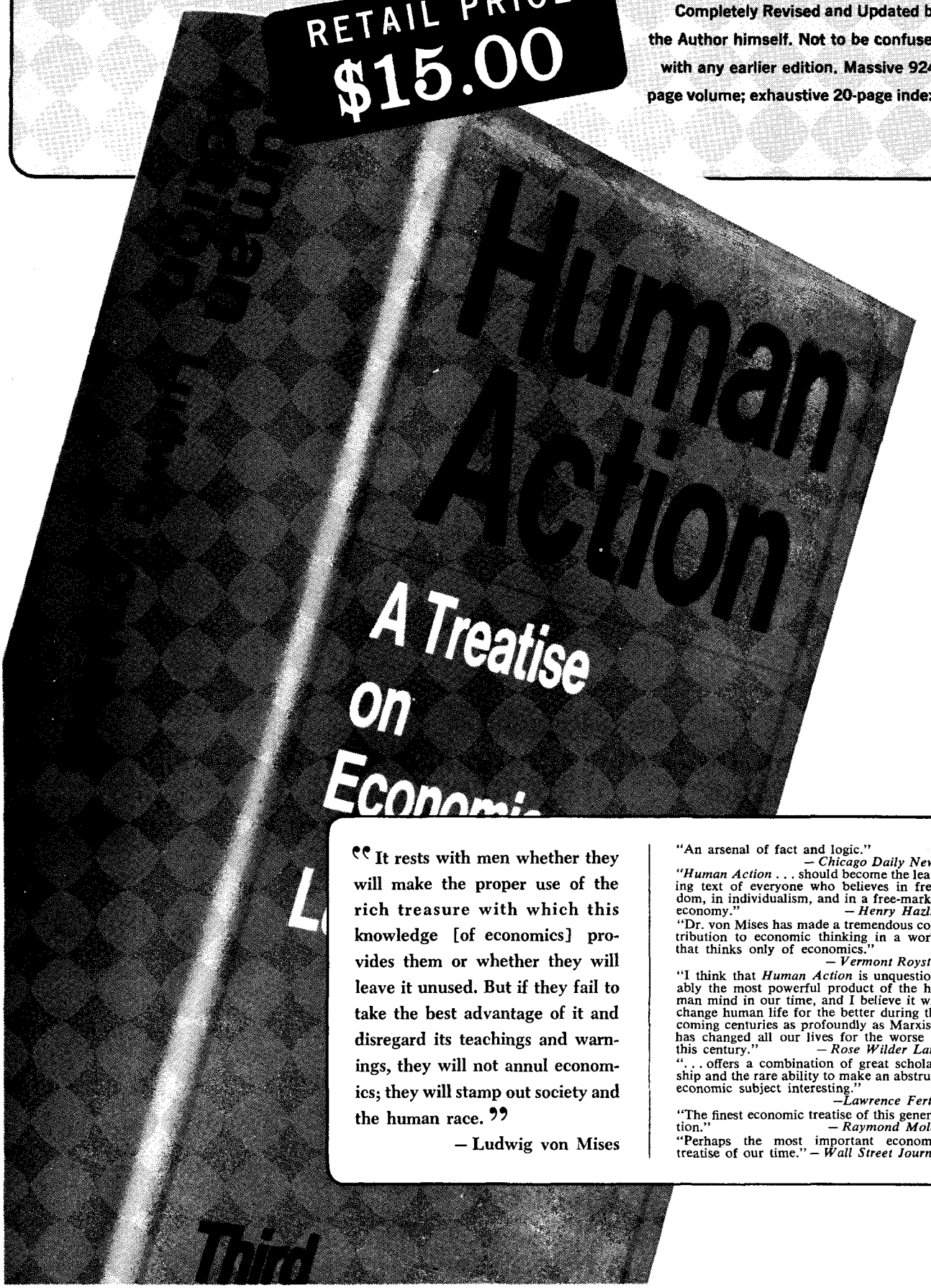

"It rests with men whether they will make the proper use of the rich treasure with which this knowledge [of economics] provides them or whether they will leave it unused. But if they fail to take the best advantage of it and disregard its teachings and warnings, they will not annul economics; they will stamp out society and the human race."

— Ludwig von Mises

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- ★ Free-market economics was all right for the 19th century but it is useless in today's complex economy.
- ★ Capitalism was built on the broken bodies of exploited workers.
- ★ Businessmen have ravaged our natural resources in their lust for profit.
- ★ Unemployment is caused by lack of "effective demand".
- ★ Unions have won rich benefits for their members.
- ★ Advertising is a device for defrauding the consumer and represents a net economic loss.
- ★ Minimum-wage laws help the poor.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ The **Kennedys** again: Senator **Edward** plans a tour of Europe this summer, unofficial like, but it will include at least one address—to the Communist World Youth Congress (see editorial) in East Berlin at the end of the month. . . . French press full of reports that the **Sargent Shrivers** will soon give up their post in Paris. Some say Shriver's position will be untenable because Teddy is about to publish a very anti-Nixon book. . . . Sen. **Edmund Muskie**, having spent six months touring the country to gauge his own Presidential prospects, concludes that as of now it will be Teddy *v.* Nixon in '72. . . . **Arthur Goldberg**'s efforts to stay in the news indicate he intends to run for public office in New York next year, probably against Republican Senator **Charles Goodell**, if Goodell can win his primary fight. Latest was Goldberg plea to **Ronald Reagan** to commute **Sirhan Sirhan**'s death sentence.

■ Fun and games in Ohio next year. Sources close to Rep. **Donald (Buz) Lukens** confirm he intends to enter Republican primary probably for Senate (he'd be running against Sen. **Stephen Young** on the Democratic side), possibly for governorship. Complication: Gov. **John Rhodes** has indicated he may want to run for Senate and he's gotten endorsement of party organization despite *Life* attack on his personal expenditures. . . . Rep. **John Ashbrook**, who might also be interested in one of these offices, says he thinks he could get money both in and out of Ohio to support a strong conservative (i.e., non-Rhodes) ticket. . . . Shift leftwards of Illinois Republican Congressman **John Anderson** (he's down to a 67 ACA rating from perfect 100 in first term) could mean he's decided to tie up with Sen. **Charles Percy** in effort to take over Illinois party from **Everett Dirksen.** . . . . A couple of organizational changes on the Right: former Supreme Court Justice **Charles Whittaker** has joined board of trustees of the Americans for Constitutional Action. . . . **David R. Jones**, for a number of years Executive Director of Young Americans for Freedom, has joined the Charles Edison Youth Fund; he'll be succeeded by **Randal Cornell Teague**, long active in YAF affairs.

■ French tourist authorities happy: one result of **de Gaulle** ouster, they believe, will be big increase in American tourist trade. . . . **Jean Jacques Servan-Schreiber**, summing up recent French elections, concludes that France is, fundamentally, conservative, that it "oscillates between center-right and Right." . . . Heard much about the new German superliner, the *Hamburg*? Neither has a head official of the line who commented: "We don't need all

the publicity [the *Q.E. 2* got], our ship is right." . . . Sidelight on President **Nixon**'s projected trip to Rumania. According to Yugoslav news agency Tanjug, Rumania agreed to exchange ambassadors with the newly formed **Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam** on June 2. . . . **Yugoslovia** going far out: it will have a commercial radio station on the air in August playing pop music, news and other light entertainment; supported entirely by advertising. . . . **Anthony Grey**, the British Reuters correspondent under house arrest in Peking for the past two years (he didn't do anything, you understand; the Chinese were sore at Hong Kong authorities), can now listen to his own portable radio, read his own books and, greatest of all, close the door of his room when he wishes.

■ *Daily World* (formerly *Worker*) very gloomy about New York primaries. It is unthinkable, writes columnist **Samuel Arthur**, that "New York should suddenly lose its way and stumble into the thorny trap of wily Nixon and his gun and club crowd via **Marchi** or **Procaccino**." . . . **Rasheed Storey**, chairman of the NYCP, says he will be able to support **Lindsay** if Lindsay is responsive to Negro and Puerto Rican needs in his campaign. . . . It was a close thing but in that SDS mish-mash in Chicago the Black Panthers, the Brown Berets (Mexican-Americans) and the Young Lords (local Puerto Ricans) finally ended up in alliance with the SDS regulars against the Progressive Labor forces. . . . Black Panthers have a new out: that controversial coloring book that urged children to kill policemen? we didn't do it, says party leader **Bobby Seale**, it was a plant by Black Panther defector **Larry Powell**. . . . That report by **Raymond Johnson** that Comrade **Fidel** is treating the Black Panthers in Cuba unkindly (he's sending Johnson himself to work in the interior)? Discount it, says Seale, Johnson hijacked and flew a plane to Cuba on orders of the "fascist CIA and FBI." (On that particular flight Johnson relieved his fellow passengers of $400 "as an act of humiliation.")

■ You know why last week's **United Airlines DC-8** was held over in Havana unusually long? They had trouble locating the hijacker's luggage.

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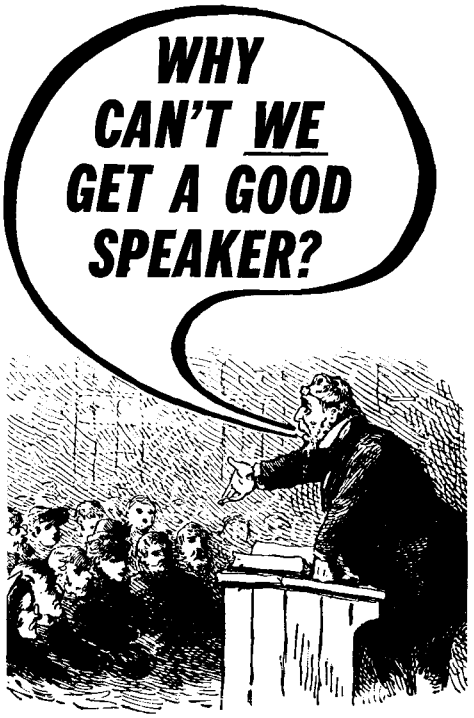

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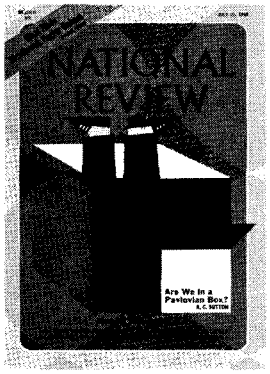
IN THIS ISSUE

■ **David M. Miller**, Assistant Professor of English at Purdue, describes how even conservative Boilermakers can be sucked into the emotional revolutionary whirlwind which blasts across the campuses these days. Properly repentant, he uses his first *NR* appearance to say an amusing *mea culpa*. . . . **John Keefauver** journeys into the future to discover a document from the past which illuminates our present condition. . . . **Anthony C. Sutton**, Research Fellow at Stanford's Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace, believes that our view of technological progress in the Soviet Union could have been scripted by Pavlov. Mr. Sutton is at work on a definitive study of technology in post-1917 Russia, the first volume of which has recently been published. The second volume is in galley, and the third will be finished soon. . . . **Gilbert Comte** tells us the why of Pompidou's victory and foresees a dim future for the new French president. . . . **Donald Phelps**, essayist and loner, offers a welcome antidote to the uncharitable liberal lock-step obituaries of Westbrook Pegler, a man, Phelps points out, a bit larger than life, of a type fast-disappearing as 1984 draws closer. . . . **Robert Peter** finds the Christian Democratic youth of Latin America gripped by the same plagiaristic passions which threaten the fabric of Western society. . . . **John R. Coyne Jr.** visits Louisville, where Stepin Fetchit is still very much alive. . . . And Victor Gold brings up to date a handful of Presidential addresses.



■ **James Burnham** detects a Marco Poloish flavor in the latest account to come out of Red China. . . . **Russell Kirk** reports on a new anti-disruption campus organization. . . . **Nika Standen Hazelton** proves that candy needn't be dandier; it takes good hard liquor, she says, to make the average cocktail party go, and she's for it *and* them. . . . **William F. Buckley Jr.** urges the immediate depoliticization of the Martin Luther King bugging flap, suggests a new approach for selecting servicemen for Vietnam duty, and chides the Beautiful People for dietetic idiosyncracies.

■ **Priscilla L. Buckley** finds anecdotes in abundance in C. L. Sulzberger's delightful memoirs. . . . **Guy Davenport** pronounces on Nabokov's latest: technically superb, thematically vacuous. . . . **William C. Wooldridge,** law student at the University of Virginia, reviews a study of the pre-Revolutionary Virginian aristocracy. . . . **Neil McCaffrey** listens nostalgically to the jazz of the Thirties and hears the last pure sounds of American popular music. . . . **M. Stanton Evans** cheers on Harold O. J. Brown, who would desecularize the church.

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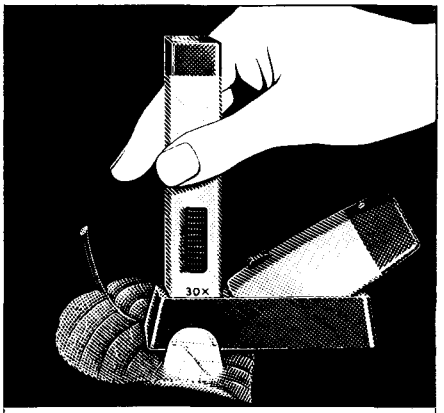

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LETTERS

Coyne, Si! Lindsay, No!

Thank you for your excellent and perceptive analysis of Mayor John Lindsay in the June 17 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW.

. . . Lindsay typifies the John Kennedy type image which astute politicians select for their front-man, to be promoted by every public-relations gimmick all the way to the White House.

Brooklyn, N.Y. REUBEN R. GORDON

How timely! Imagine discovering Mr. Coyne's clever assessment of Mr. Lindsay on Primary Day. Frankly, I wish I hadn't. Realizing our mayor will win, I'm even more depressed.

I'm so amused by the satirical slant of the article. It's obvious Mr. Coyne's sense of humor enables him to continue the futile fight. But, perhaps he's to be admired for not joining the club of cynics.

New York, N.Y. NOREEN RYAN

Cover of the Year

That cover for your issue of June 17—fiendish in concept, brilliant in execution, and my nomination for Cover of the Year, any year.

San Francisco, Cal. JOHN C. ROBB

The Climate of Banality

. . . Considering what a magnificent achievement it was [Apollo 10], we thought the reception of the returning heroes ought to have been better managed. I do hope when they have landed on the moon, some trouble will be taken to make their welcome more impressive. Of course, we are all so self-consciously democratic that we shrink from anything which recalls an older and more aristocratic tradition. The revolt against form is universal, so that one must forgive the banalities with which the returning heroes—and they *were* heroes—were welcomed. This revolt against form is ruining our Catholic liturgy. The animus against the Latin Mass is all part of it, as is "You" substituted for "Thee" in the revised version of the Lord's Prayer. If the Apostles had been as intimidated by the climate of banality as those who welcomed the Apollo heroes, they would have greeted the Resurrected Christ in some such words as, "Gee! it's mighty good to see you back on earth. We sure thought you were a goner."

London ARNOLD LUNN

Burnham's Treaty

I have been particularly interested in Mr. Burnham's articles in the June 3 and June 17 issues dealing with the matter of mu-

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tual nuclear inspection teams between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. I fully agree that this is the only truly safe disarmament plan which has been proposed. However, it seems to me that having inspectors with access to "the inner workings of the other side's strategic system" would create a possibly more acute problem of sabotage. With top Russian scientists and technicians at the very core of our defense system and with unlimited access to all our facilities, sabotage to our whole defense system is entirely conceivable. If this problem could be worked out with a satisfactory solution, this plan would seem to be quite feasible.

Palatka, Fla. BILL NEWSOME

Sabotage to our defense system (though perhaps not to our whole defense system) would certainly be conceivable, as would be sabotage to theirs. That is to say: a deterrent balance would exist in this new as in several present dimensions. —JB

Mr. James Burnham's proposal for regulating a nuclear treaty is certainly food for thought, yet must be rejected, since it fails to account for certain fundamental aspects of the current situation. . . .

It is generally accepted that the U.S., although currently broadly equal with Russia, is nonetheless somewhat more advanced in certain areas of nuclear warfare (excluding high-yield atomic warheads and space weapons research), among them, our highly sophisticated communications and command systems. Assuming this to be true, and further assuming that the Communists have not changed their motives for world domination, we reach the major flaw in Mr. Burnham's proposal. . . . Under the plan, a specified number of competent experts from each side would be injected into the strategic system of the other for total observation so as to prevent any breach of a treaty. But what is to prevent Russia from entering into the proposal for the purely calculated motive of gaining previously unknown weapons information, and then bowing out of the treaty? Given the Communists' record, it is hard to believe they would do otherwise if they thought the idea was worth implementing.

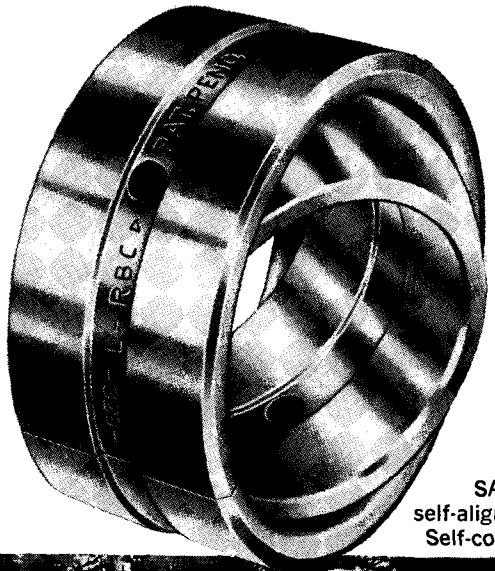
But, perhaps, Mr. Burnham gave a hint of another possible solution (presuming both sides had first strike capabilities) when he suggested that ". . . the side that fired first would win, and the side that waited would inevitably lose."

Until the Communists start radically mellowing, or until they (hopefully) get booted out, we may just be stuck with that alternative.

New York, N.Y. SHERWOOD S. SUMNER

The Russians—and we, of course—would undoubtedly have the gaining of previously unknown weapons information as one motive, and they would probably have

(Continues on page 711)



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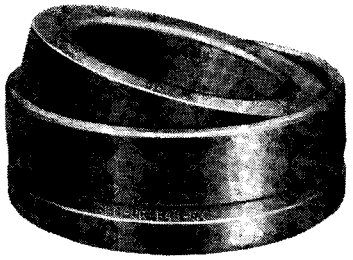

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THE WEEK

■ Samuel Stebbins Bowles, Son of Bowles, is just back from two months in Cuba, which he finds both hunky and dory. Back at Harvard, a suburb of Havana where he teaches assistant economics, young Bowles described Cuba as "a very optimistic experiment. It may provide the solution to the problems of impoverishment facing so many other Latin American countries." You see Cuba, which had the third highest standard of living in Latin America before Castro, suffers no impoverishment now because there's "a ready market for their sugar in the Soviet bloc countries" which sometimes pay as much as half what Uncle Sugar used to in the bad days, and so what if there's rationing it doesn't mean impoverishment which is what faces other Latin countries that trade with the U.S. because they don't have the "transportation limitations" to interfere with industrialization that Cuba does, and they shouldn't industrialize anyway but should emulate Castro who "decided to build on what Cuba already had, specifically a base in agriculture," and then they could all sell their agricultural produce to the Soviet Union which seems to be having some trouble growing its own, and everybody should take a course in assistant economics.

■ Raymond Johnson, a Black Panther lieutenant who got to Cuba by hijacking an airplane rather than with a Harvard grant for economic research, does not share Bowles' enthusiasm. The Panthers, he says, "have not been received in a revolutionary fashion. We have been condemned to life in Cuba." The small black community has been harassed, imprisoned, banned from Havana, forbidden to organize politically. "They have been shipped to isolated sections of the island and forced to work in labor camps." When Panthers became disenchanted, Johnson said, and protested conditions or asked to leave, they were subject to arbitrary arrest and jailing, sometimes charged with the serious crime of "counter-revolution." "We think there's racial discrimination in Cuba," Johnson told a reporter heading back to the States, warning other Black Panthers to stay away. Without naming names—"an exceedingly high-ranking Black Panther officer"—Johnson indicated that the authority for his charges came from Eldridge Cleaver himself.

■ Back in the Bay Area Cleaver fled, the Black Panthers do not seem to be getting the message. Under a portrait of Che Guevara they installed in a church auditorium, they distribute free food and comic books to kids at breakfasts. The food is "contributed" by local merchants, who risk having their stores burned down (one case so far—enough to make the point) if they refuse. The comics are crude, nasty affairs depicting heroic black kids killing and intimidating pigs in police uniforms.

■ From the *New York Times* on flying to the moon: "It is when one considers the multiple-charge rocket as a traveler to the moon," it editorializes, "that one begins to doubt . . . for after the rocket quits our air and really starts on its longer journey, its flight will be neither accelerated nor maintained by the explosion of the charges it then might have left. Professor Goddard, with his 'chair' in Clark College and the countenancing of the Smithsonian Institute, does not know the relation of action to reaction, and of the need to have something better than a vacuum against which to react. . . . Of course, he only seems to lack information ladled out daily in high schools." Never mind that the *Times* wrote this particular editorial in 1920—the physical laws of the universe do not change, do they? We are forwarding the item to Messrs. Armstrong, Collins and Aldrin as a possible memento to carry on their historic mission to the edge of earth's atmosphere. Godspeed, fellows, and don't get too close to the vacuum. Best leave a little something to push back against so that you can return safely, rejoin your families, and read the *Times'* coverage of your journey.

■ Mealy-mouthed Senator Thurmond is not. Here he is on Earl Warren: "Warren's decisions are milestones on the retreat from civilized order. . . . His overdue retirement as Chief Justice brings to a close a period marked by growing social disintegration and chaos." And he pleads the First.

■ *Peking Review*, Peking's very own review, carries a long article this week honoring "Some Comrades Who Won Combat Honors in the Counterattacks in Self-Defense in the Chenpao Island Area" against the Russians. It has three informative subheads: 1) Revolutionary Spirit of Fearing neither Hardship nor Death Constitutes Greatest Fighting Power and Is an All-Conquering Magic Weapon. 2) Revolutionary Spirit of Fearing neither Hardship nor Death Is Glorious Tradition of Our Army and Concentrated Expression of Proletarian Party Spirit. 3) Revolutionary Spirit of Fearing neither Hardship nor Death Is Result of Mao Tse-tung Thought Taking Firm Root in the Hearts of the People.

■ "Chromium is shiny and nice. Americans like shiny things, but have no chromium of their own. Most chromium grows in a bad place called Rhodesia, which sells it for $30 a ton. Fortunately, it also is grown in good places like the Soviet Union. It is a great sacrifice for the Soviet Union to sell us its nice, shiny chromium for only $48 a ton, but since we are practically part of the family, well, OK. The price will probably go up again, but America can afford lots of stainless steel and chrome trim even if there is a war going on, because America is a rich

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country. We hope the Soviet Union does not know there's a war going on because it believes in peace and it might not want to sell us its nice, shiny chromium otherwise." —Honest Book of Truth, *Tanstaafl,* Verses 2-21.

■ Thought you'd like to know that a roomful of IBM computers has been installed in the lobby of Grand Central Station. To give horoscopes.

■ "Daily guided tours by poor people. See and learn first-hand the problems of the poor. Attend community meetings and live with an Appalachian family." So shouted the ad in the *New Republic*, and thus it is that Mingo County, West Virginia is about to be visited by seventy representatives of the affluent society. They'll arrive bag, baggage and liberal guilt, and stay for three weeks, at the end of which everyone will be Enriched, especially the folks in Mingo County. Put down the shotgun, Paw—at $378 per tourist, who needs coal mines?

■ Antioch College's claim to be the birthplace of world revolution has not been validated, but at least it has succeeded in freaking out Hugh Hefner. *Playboy* photographers arrived recently to do a spread on campus fashions, which, at Antioch, range from attic couture to rat's nest. Lo! women's liberationists showed up in force to protest *Playboy*'s "mindless flaunting of the female body," but retreated to a safe position on Freedom of Expression when it was learned that there was a $50 fee for posing. Some of the protesters submitted with good grace (fifty bucks will get you three to four ounces of tough grass), but five of them, male, did a protest strip, and others stole the high-fashion clothing *Playboy* had prudently brought along. Still others protested the protest. It was finally negotiated that the shooting could proceed if each photo showed a model, a protester and a protest-protester, but the only protester to appear was a protest-protester, so *Playboy* hastily did its feature and fled, muttering philosophy by the installment.

■ It had to happen. They've organized. Under the banner, "It's not a privilege to be on welfare, it's a right," the National Welfare Rights Organization is busy in the larger cities picketing, marching, confronting the cops, disrupting meetings of social workers. And busy in Washington, D.C. too, where it lobbies out of an office with 39 full-time employees. The troops (thirty thousand claimed) are mostly black, and interested (sensibly enough) mostly in getting as much as they can from their local welfare departments, but the leadership includes a number of white radical social workers who make no bones about their hostility to the rotten-capitalist-system-that-perpetuates-poverty. All God's chillun got rights, except the taxpayers.

■ CAN YOU FIGURE OUT WHAT'S MISSING DEPT. British Socialist Michael Schofield has proposed an all-male sex school where little boys could learn how to make love. "It must be made clear that a satisfactory sex life is not something that comes naturally," explained Schofield.

Achtung!

A clipping came in the mail from our colleague William Rickenbacker. On the margin of the paper he had scrawled, "Shocking!—WFR." The item read: "Senator Edward Kennedy *wird auf dem 7. Weltjugendtreffen, das im August in Luttich stattfindet, eine Rede halten. Das gaben die Organisatoren des Treffens jetzt in Brussel bekannt.*" It was several days before anyone strolled by who could crack that, but the translator, rubbing his eyes, said: It says here that Senator Edward Kennedy will address the World Youth Congress in East Berlin this summer. Unbelieving, we called the Senator's office. Yes, the office confirmed, the Senator had accepted the invitation, and would appear.

The ironies are crushing. Just six years ago, Teddy Kennedy's brother went to *West* Berlin as President of the United States, and pledged his and his country's eternal devotion to the freedom of Berlin. Now his brother proposes to participate in a Communist propaganda conference which for ten years has danced to the tune of Moscow and which will no doubt again on this occasion as on others, celebrate the continuing tyranny of the Communists over their subjects, who a generation after the World War are not yet trusted to vote. What, what is Senator Kennedy up to?

Could it be, could it possibly be, that he will do in East Berlin what Norman Cousins did twenty years ago to the fellow travelers in New York City? The occasion was the historic Waldorf Conference, where the Soviet apologists and their dupes met to lick their wounds after the defeat of Henry Wallace. Norman Cousins was invited to speak, it being assumed that he would be so overcome by oneworldliness that he would fail to take note of the complexion of the event. It proved his finest hour, because he roundly denounced the totalitarian practices of the men whom the assembly was fronting for.

Will Senator Kennedy so address the meeting of fellow traveling youths from all over the Communist world? Will he show the daring of his brother Robert who in South Africa denounced the practices of apartheid? Will he take the occasion to denounce the invasion of Czechoslovakia?

Or will he give the routine talk about coexistence? The kind of talk that means nothing to anybody, but which integrates the speaker into the general circumstances—making not what he says noticeable, but the fact of his presence? If he does that, he will have done the most that any individual has done in this generation to re-baptize the fellow traveling which Peter Viereck so

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correctly identified years ago as the great shame of the American intellectuals. Senator Kennedy should (POLITELY!) be advised of the general apprehensiveness.

Lindsay's Non-Future

Even the Left can't stand his priggishness, his goo-goo self-righteousness, the unmistakable impression of cardboard left by his "handsomeness"; and now that he is in trouble, they are coming out and saying it. "Last week," recalls a columnist in the liberal-left *Village Voice*, "when a group of the extremely middle class reform Dems went to see Richard Aurelio, Lindsay's campaign manager, they suggested that the Mayor could use a short course from Pete Hamill on what is bugging the lower-middle class. The suggestion was not well received, but it should be. More than the lower-middle class was offended by the Mayor's incredibly self-righteous attack on his opponents as bigots the day after the primary. Middle class reform Democrats who have had political experience in mixed districts are sick of the St. Paul's School chapel speeches."

Lindsay must be genuinely startled. He had said the correctly liberal thing—that he hadn't been running against John Marchi; he had been running against Hate. This was perfectly orthodox. (Humphrey often intimated that his contest with Nixon could be so described.) But a price has eventually to be paid for that tactic, a price generated by the gap between interpretation and reality. Lindsay has fallen into the gap and is paying the price.

For the gap is about the size of the Grand Canyon. As against Lindsay's self-righteous moral melodrama, set this reality: a) he dithered and offered no moral leadership at all during the outrages at Columbia; b) he flubbed the Ocean Hill-Brownsville school mess; c) he has dithered again as the city's system of higher education has come under Yahoo attack, with violence at CCNY and devastation at Queens College—to all of which Lindsay responds with liberal banalities; d) while under his administrative incompetence the city, in all of its manifold aspects, relentlessly decays.

Lindsay may yet slip in come November, as Marchi and Procaccino divide the votes of an outraged citizenry, and Lindsay sweeps the moralists and goo-goos. Yet regardless of what happens in November, Lindsay is through as far as the national Republican Party is concerned. For in his desperation he is wooing the far-left Democrats, and in New York City they are very far left indeed—the wilder McCarthyites, the admirers of Paul O'Dwyer, Allard Lowenstein, William Fitts Ryan. Thus, at the recent anti-ABM cry-in at Madison Square Garden, Lindsay spoke with calculated hysteria, lashing out at our "indefensible" war in Vietnam and at the "insane" policy—i.e., the policy of the present Republican Administration—which sustains it.

But obviously, as Lindsay goes prospecting in New York's leftist fever swamps, he simultaneously annihilates any prospects he had as a national Republican. He cannot very well present himself to a Republican convention

Gag Rule

Some men are born to wit . . . others have wit thrust upon them. Thus, news reports that the President has retained the services of a Rowan & Martin *Laugh In* gagwriter . . .

[*Though in reviewing the incidents of my Administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. . . . But I ask you, folks,* who's *perfect? (Jack Benny ghosts Washington's Farewell Address.)*]

. . . to brighten his speeches. . .

[*It's good to be here in Gettysburg. You know—Gettysburg—the only place in the country where a Pickett can charge without violating the Taft-Hartley Act. But seriously, folks, four score and seven years ago our forefathers, like Crosby there, brought forth on this continent a new nation. They might have brought it in third except for getting bumped by Hardtack in the stretch. . . . (Bob Hope edits Lincoln's envelope)*]

. . . come as no surprise . . .

[*Values have shrunk to fantastic levels. Taxes have risen. Our ability to pay has fallen. The withered leaves of industrial enterprise lie on every side. Farmers find no markets. The savings of many years in thousands of families are gone. . . .* THEN *came the Depression! (Herb Shriner re-deals FDR's First Inaugural)*]

. . . in an age when "the ability to laugh at himself" is one of seven deadly virtues required of political figures who would pass the Johnny Carson Audience Test. . . .

[*I didn't give 'em BLIP. I just told the truth about 'em, and they thought it was BLIP. (Tom Smothers puts words in Harry Truman's mouth.)*]

But, surely, there was a time, Mr. Nixon (at least, Marshall McLuhan implies as much), when political leaders just went with what they had and campaign managers were driven up walls by the mere suggestion that a President or candidate might tell a joke in public. . . .

[*I asked Mario Procaccino about the ABM, and he told me he thought he would have made a better mayor than Lindsay. Oh yeaah! I tell you, folks, strange things are happening. Would you believe, just the other day . . . (President Adlai Stevenson, circa 1969)*]

Or could it be that Norman Cousins was right, after all, and the fellow *really did* come along twenty years too soon? —VICTOR GOLD

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ES WAR EINMAL, about a dozen years ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers. Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And Lo these many years we have asked our readers to do us this favor: to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!

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on the strength of his recommendations from O'Dwyer, Lowenstein, or Fitts Ryan.

But there is even worse to come. When a practitioner of the Old Politics made a flagrant pay-off, people sighed, but, after all, they had expected it. When Mr. Clean does so, however, the effect is disturbing to the digestion; and Lindsay is coming more and more to resemble Tartuffe. Lindsay has a principle in his pocket for every occasion, but he is hurting with the Jewish vote, and so Albert Shanker had to get his. The deal was ignominious. Shanker had ordered the Board of Education to cough up a pay raise or face a teachers' strike in the fall, right around election time. Lindsay got the message, and the Board of Ed caved in: teachers' salaries will rise about $3,000 per year. A few months ago, pleading poverty, Lindsay was proposing an $86 million cutback in the school budget. But now he can grin at the TV cameras and tell us how he has saved New York's schools (only incidentally gaining Albert Shanker's heartfelt praises).

The gigantic raise in teachers' salaries, of course, will be devastating to private and parochial schools, which are in financial trouble already; but Lindsay isn't counting on the parochial school vote anyway.

Lindsay's New York disaster probably only ratifies what had been true all along: that there is no place for him in the national Republican Party of the 1970s. Nixon is carefully fashioning a new middle-class consensus in America, and to Lindsay's postures and pious velleities this consensus will be decidedly inhospitable. Whatever happens in November, Lindsay has been consigned to the Republican equivalent of Elba.

Who Owns the Moon?

A successful moon landing this month will open a whole new field of law, as the question must be answered, under emerging interplanetary real estate law, who "owns" the moon? The opening skirmishes have already been fought —on the question whose flag should be planted, the U.S.'s or the UN's. When Columbus discovered America, he claimed the New World for Spain, which commissioned his voyage. But legal title was assumed to depend on control. As other countries sent their own expeditions, England, France and Portugal made claims which were to determine the first real estate boundaries. Throughout the sixteenth century, most territory was claimed by somebody, but actual control was limited, which explains the fluid boundaries.

There are distinctions, of course. If control was important to early American claims, that should be no problem for the Apollo team. So far as we know, we shall not be wresting control of lunar real estate from anybody who got there first. But the question of ownership and rights has considerable importance, for instance for the couple of hundred pounds of lunar matter the astronauts will bring back for scientific analysis. The *New York Times* states what we can assume will be the liberal position on lunar claims: in arguing against our planting only an American flag, it recalls "Nikita Khrushchev's child-like glee in 1959 that a Soviet rocket had deposited a Soviet pennant on the moon, as though that achievement proved something about the relative advantages of socialism and capitalism. Americans ought to be more sophisticated." But they aren't. And neither was John Kennedy when, alarmed by the propaganda successes of Soviet sputniks, he committed this country to a full-speed-ahead lunar project, due for its climax later this month.

Says the *Times*: "Whatever men reach the moon . . . will be envoys of all mankind, since it is the knowledge accumulated over centuries by many nations—going back to the ancient Chinese, Babylonians and Greeks—that will have made possible the trip." As much could be said, of course, about Columbus' voyage. When in doubt, follow tradition. Let the astronauts plant an American flag and claim the moon as a colony. After all, there aren't many places left where we can practice imperialism and not bother anyone.

Portrait of the Non-Artists

The colonels' regime in Greece may not be—as Andreas Papandreou and his admirers would like us to believe—the worst government in the world, but it does seem to be near the bottom in public relations, at least so far as concerns its image in the outside world. Perhaps this is inevitable, and could have been solved only if the colonels had called themselves Communist instead of patriots. In that case our columnists and editorial writers could have explained the virtues of coexistence and we could all have relaxed.

Premier Papadopoulos and his colleagues have got themselves tangled in a PR dilemma. They seem anxious to appear both revolutionary and respectable, but the combination doesn't jell. The latest flap over the judges and the Greek Council of State is a good example of the trouble that results. As revolutionists—which of course the colonels are in truth, having overthrown a legal government and instituted a regime resting in the last analysis on their own decrees and force—they cannot permit the judiciary (or any other important social stratum) to thwart their revolutionary will on issues they deem to be of major import; and if it tries, they must in one way or another compel its assent.

A while ago, the colonels dismissed 21 judges from their posts. They surrounded this move with administrative jargon and special "temporary" laws. (This, like similar dismissals of senior professors, is called a "purge" in our press. However, though some of the dismissals are politically motivated, many of them aim merely at getting rid of superannuated personnel who have in Greece blocked the advancement of younger, abler citizens. For this reason, these "purges" have been generally popular.) The Council of State—set up 34 years ago as the nation's

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highest administrative tribunal, and also consisting of very senior citizens—made an issue of the dismissals, and ruled them void. Whereupon the colonels got sore and fired Michael Stasinopoulos, president of the Council. He pointed out he had life tenure according to the (old regime) law, and couldn't be fired. The colonels accepted his legalism, apparently, and threw back another of their own in the form of an announcement that Stasinopoulos had resigned and a decree accepting his resignation. At this, eight other members of the Council announced *their* resignations.

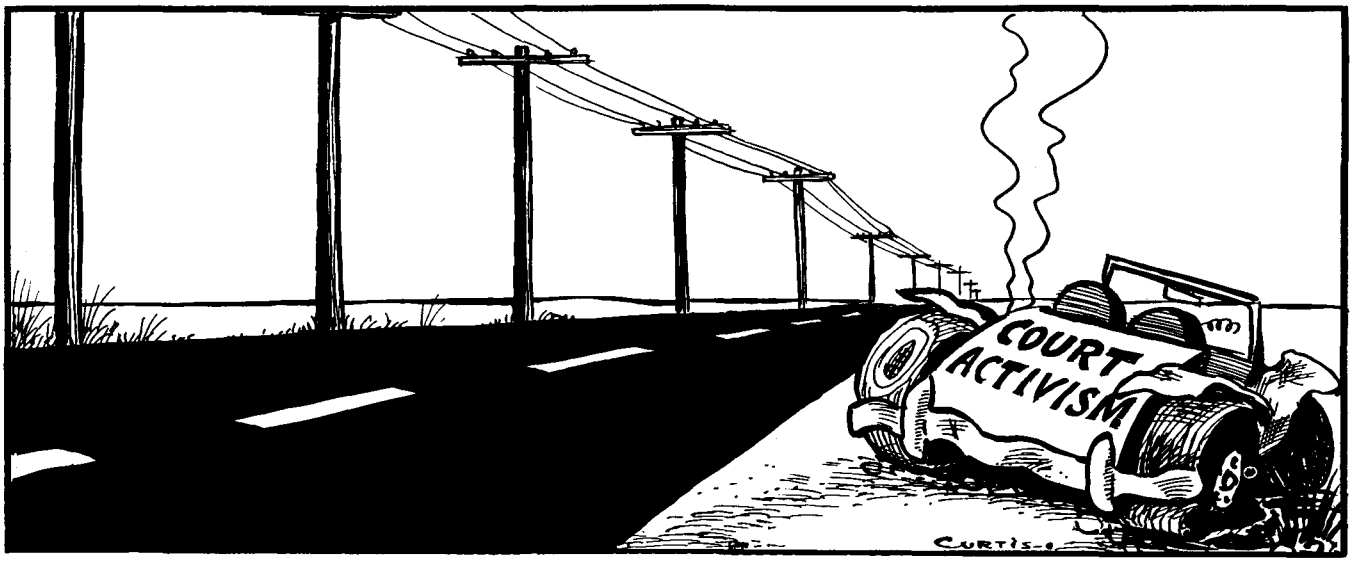
All these shenanigans a) looked sort of silly, and b) gave the liberal commentators—their blood up over recent revivals of the much disputed and seemingly impenetrable charges of torture (those Council members must surely be heroes of Homeric mold if they defied the government after reading about Greek torture in *Look*) —a fine chance to attack the colonels as subverters of the courts, purgers of honest citizens, unprincipled tyrants, etc. The colonels would probably have done much better for themselves by forgetting the legalisms, and explaining and carry out the original dismissals as frankly unconstitutional acts required by the interests of the revolution and the progress of the country. They are no match at legalism with shrewd old Greeks—ah, wily Odysseus!—who have spent their lifetimes on the bench.

Regents v. Guerrilla Base

By a vote of 16-7 the California Board of Regents has turned down a "compromise" plan submitted by President Hitch and Berkeley Chancellor Heyns which would have established a "user-run" park on the site of the late-lamented Peoples Park. The Regents felt, correctly, that the Hitch-Heyns plan represented, more or less, a surrender to Berkeley radicals and "street people," i.e., the dope addicts, hippies and others whose bodies, usually prone, litter Telegraph Avenue. The Regents' rejection of the plan drew liberal fire as an attack upon the autonomy of the university, a politically motivated interference with constituted authority—Hitch and Heyns. Fred M. Hechinger, for example, the education editor of the *Times*, had a spasm: the Regents' action, he said, is a greater threat to the integrity of the academy than the activities of the SDS.

It is quite true that the conflict at Berkeley is political. And it is also true that the Regents are in the process of asserting their authority over the campus. The political conflict, however, was initiated not by the Regents but by the radicals on the Berkeley campus and among the student body. During the past ten years the Berkeley faculty has been steadily radicalized. In part that radicalization has been the product of conscious decision. Radical faculty members have industriously recruited other radicals: a steady supply has been directed to Berkeley by a system of contacts in the graduate schools. Within the Berkeley academic structure, radical promoted radical, often on flimsy academic grounds. But radicalization has been an organic process as well, for a process of self-selection has operated with increasing efficiency. Radicals want to go there: Berkeley is where the action is. Increasingly, non-radicals look elsewhere. As a result, Berkeley today is the political analogue of CCNY during the 1930s. In a number of major departments the extreme right wing is represented by a Stevenson Democrat. The high attrition rate among legitimate scholars, and the pervasive preoccupation of many others with non-academic matters, have eroded Berkeley's standing as a university. A decade ago it was thought to be the equal—some thought the superior—of Harvard. Now there is doubt about whether it can even be considered first-rate.

With mounting intensity, the radical elements at Berkeley have been at war with the rest of society. They view the campus as a sort of agitational launching-pad, a sanctuary from which to conduct guerrilla forays. Their goal is to forge links between radicals on the campus and



Whew!

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insurgent groups in the community. Thus the controversy, recently, over Eldridge Cleaver's appearance as a lecturer in sociology. Concerted efforts are also made to destroy the ethos of the society through a process of calculated outrage. The drama department, for example, recently put on a play called *Ergo*—with a cast composed of students and professional actors—in which the least objectionable interpersonal act that occurs on stage is sexual intercourse. The Peoples Park issue has sentimental appeal and, indeed, seems likely to catch on elsewhere. In an age of asphalt it was a brilliant tactic, for it puts The System in the position of being against grass (real grass). But faculty members active in this confrontation have been prominent in all the other radicalizing activities as well, and so it is safe to assume that their interest is not horticultural.

Therefore it's a little late to complain about the Regents' "political interference" in the life of Berkeley. The Regents are merely responding, at last, to the results of an extended period of politicalization from the Left, the entire purpose of which was to engage the campus in political warfare with the rest of society. Until the radical activists on the Berkeley faculty are either dislodged or neutralized, there is little hope that the university can function effectively as an institution of higher learning, and every tax dollar that is collected to support it is therefore being collected under a species of fraud. Fred M. Hechinger makes one useful suggestion. He advises the faculty to combat the Regents by resorting to mass resignation. Excellent!

Vote for New York

June 23, 1969: Talk about depressing. . . . Walk into the new Lindsay headquarters in the shell of a sold-out DePinna's on Fifth Avenue. Walk in on a rainy day, past new, cheap, offset posters showing a bedraggled Big John in shirtsleeves . . . ample wrinkles all over his shirt and "Vote For New York" written under the photo. The poster should get at least the sympathy vote for John. No longer "Mister Clean" but the "embattled warrior."

Walk through the revolving doors of dreary old DePinna's and there might as well be no Lindsay headquarters . . . except for some up-turned packing cases filled with files of names which somehow failed to work out on Big Tuesday. An occasional ascetic young twenties lawyer-type with Brooks broadcloth open at the neck, a bit wilted in the humidity, mumbling into the phone; and a clutch of assembly-line Char Fords, tipped blond swept back, semi-Pucci "involved" types, doing their earnest bit for John, commuting by cab from the East Seventies.

Otherwise empty, a few phones on folding card-tables, and a sign-up pad for the occasional volunteer who wanders in to work for free (after Big Tuesday all paid staffers were fired in an official letter: then key bodies were discreetly reassured that they were indispensable by discreet word of mouth). The elevator to the second floor, where the brass lives, is run by a very fat teenage boy in a sportscoat. He gabbles at the other teenagers carrying messages up and down between the brass on Two and the "workers" on One.

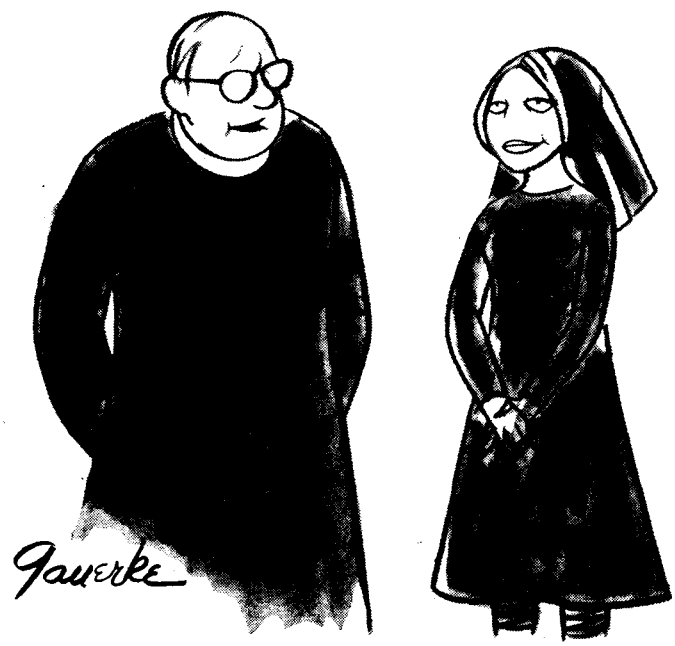
On Two rooms an unhappy Sid Davidoff in a pseudo-Lacoste, flexing his retinue of "Davidoff's Raiders" reduced to a motley group of East Side prep-school teenagers, whose parents fear the specter of "far right," and anyway, it will give them something to do for the summer because all the city jobs are filled with the *schwartzes*. Davidoff, fresh from his arm-twisting encounter with a Puerto Rican youngster, fully recorded by a gleeful *Daily News*, struts around the empty desks.

Occasional phones ring but the pianissimo of activity is further diminished by the cavernous dimensions of DePinna's, which ended up going out of business because its styles never really kept up with the spirit of the times.

JAMES L. ABERNATHY

Incredibility Gap

Professor Jerome Wiesner of MIT, President Kennedy's science adviser, is one of the most conspicuous leaders of the anti-ABM campaign. His anti-ABM speeches, writings and testimony to congressional committees have been widely publicized, and he is co-editor of the anti-ABM book (introduction by Teddy Kennedy) published last month by Harper & Row. Richard J. Whalen, former editor of *Fortune* and currently writer-in-residence at The Center for Strategic and International



"Yes, yes, Sister Rose, I'm all for the modern approach, but must you refer to 'Apologia Pro Vita Sua' as 'Newman's Complaint'?"

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Studies, recounts the following conversation he had with Wiesner:

"Early in 1967, Dr. Wiesner and I spent much of an afternoon together, discussing the issues raised by ABM. He conceded that the idea of defending Minuteman silos might have a great deal of merit, if the Soviet threat increased—as it has. Toward the end of our interview, he cautioned me to take care in quoting him. It was surely his right to be quoted accurately. But his concern had a different motive. He said he did not want his words presented in a way that would offend unnamed parties in the Soviet Union. He explained that he went to the Societ Union each year, keeping up contacts made at the Pugwash disarmament conferences, and he wished to be permitted to enter the country. I must confess that I was appalled. Dr. Wiesner, a free man in a free society, hailed as a man of science committed to free inquiry, was perfectly willing to censor his opinions in order to please the authorities in a state where individual freedom did not exist."

Moise Tshombe, RIP

Moise-Kapenda Tshombe was peculiarly ill-equipped for success in his time and place. His father was a successful businessman, and the family atmosphere both affable and devout—as the name, "Moise-Kapenda," meaning "Beloved Moses," suggests. The son was educated in a Methodist school and was throughout his life a believing, unapologetic Christian. He married the daughter of one of the principal men of his country. He lived happily with her and the children she bore him. He knew many white men, did active business with them; he was convinced that the progress of his country and of Africa could be achieved only through the cooperation of black with white and the aid of white expertise and capital. He was one of the known leaders of the Congo called on in 1960 by Belgium for consultation on the coming independence. When terror, massacres and anarchy followed quickly on the too-sudden transfer of power and it became clear that the leaders in Léopoldville (Kinshasa-to-be) were not able to function, he decided to try to save his own region of Katanga from the spreading chaos. This World Opinion would not permit. The motley blue-helmeted forces, assembled under the UN banner, three times drove bloodily through Katanga, and on the third succeeded in destroying Moise Tshombe's government. He was forced into exile, but returned in brief triumph to Léopoldville as Premier of the re-stitched Congo, supported by General Mobutu, under President Kasavubu. Kasavubu evidently feared him as a rival; his international enemies—not least active, his enemies in Washington—remained vindictive. Formally dismissed from office in October 1965, Tshombe just managed to escape with his life. He took refuge in Spain. On a flight from Mallorca to Barcelona June 29, 1967, Tshombe's plane was hijacked to Algiers. He was arrested and held prisoner thereafter.

It is said of Tshombe by his enemies and some of his acquaintances that he was excessively ambitious, overly hungry for power. It may be so—as it has been of many, perhaps all those who become conspicuous in public affairs. But he was most surely a man on any account more sinned against than sinning. Whether or not an objective case can be made for its avowed aim of Congolese unity, the UN operation, in which our government had so shamelessly active a role, was vicious in its conduct and foul in its personal vilification of Tshombe. The Western governments and media as well as the UN and the Communist nations carried on a years'-long campaign of lies against him, and prevented him from defending himself in the appropriate forums. The Algerian government seized him gangster-fashion, without a shadow of justification. The Western governments, including our own, were craven in their refusal to intercede seriously for his release. The Spanish government is particularly at fault for not pressing the powerful legal case at its disposal because of the fact that the flight had originated on and was proceeding to Spanish soil. The Algerian government, by not acceding to Kinshasa's demand for Tshombe's extradition to a death sentence already decreed, drew back from total depravity. But that minimal trace of virtue is a feeble enough counterweight to its original crime and to the tortures and deprivations to which, it is reliably reported, Tshombe was subjected. It is said that during the past year Tshombe was shifted from prison to house arrest (in a rapidly changing series of villas, to forestall any rescue attempt) under reasonably decent conditions, and a dozen Algerian doctors—a suspiciously large number to appear so aptly and quickly on the scene—declared that his death came naturally, from a heart attack. We shall hope so, and that in any event he may now rest in peace.

Westbrook Pegler, RIP

We publish in this issue a profound estimate of Westbrook Pegler, which essay accepts the load which would otherwise properly fall to the obituary writer. It is a very special responsibility to remember Pegler the craftsman, because the regular obituary notices all but ignored his great prowess, preferring instead to go on and on about how Pegler despised Mrs. Roosevelt, and about how greatly he had defamed Quentin Reynolds. What an opportunity gone by to quote some of those exquisite sentences! Those sentences, that towering dedication to his craft (in this respect he can be quite exactly compared to Arturo Toscanini, another insatiable craftsman, cantankerous towards all else, all else being distraction) will one day be studied, and honored; indeed, it would have come before except that Pegler was angry from the unfashionable side of the political spectrum. Instead, we study and admire the anger of the prose in the Port Huron Statement, whose turgid sentences Pegler's

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typewriter would simply have refused to compose. . . . All of that in due course. There is only one book about Pegler, Oliver Pilat's, and it is quite awfully unsatisfactory. But there are others already conceived, and they will bring him to life again as a very great artist. We mourn him, and do so with that special intensity that becomes the mourning of someone who came once, spontaneously, to help us in our own grief. It was in 1964, a young girl died, an associate, and Pegler wrote, "Your beautiful telling of the sad news assuaged the hurt of it but I feel a great sorrow in my veins. I have had seventy years now, more than I ever expected, and I don't enjoy living in this bad bitter world and would spare some years retroactively for someone as sweet and worthy." We pray he will find peace at last, and promise to honor his name, always.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Sirs:

Please be advised that we represent Dr. Gloria I. Joseph, Assistant Dean of Students at Cornell University.

We understand that Professor Walter Berns, also of Cornell, appeared on William Buckley's program on Sunday, June 8, 1969 and that the segment of that program relating to Cornell was re-broadcast on Sunday, June 22, in the Syracuse area. We also understand that Professor Berns made certain statements concerning our client in connection with her stewardship of the Black Student program at Cornell.

Our client feels that she is entitled to invoke the "personal attack" doctrine under FCC regulations.

Please be good enough to supply us with a copy of the transcript of this program.

Please be further advised that the request for transcripts in no way limits any rights our client may have in the premises.

Very truly yours,

Henry M. di Suvero
National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee
25 East 26th Street, New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. di Suvero:

The sentences to which you allude are as follows.

Professor Berns: "The university had its standards and the administration at no stage of the game tried to teach these students that it had no special summer program for them. It had a special Dean [in mind], but that special Dean, I think, is quite obviously not qualified, an opinion that is widely shared at Cornell."

You will note that I have inserted the bracketed elucidation, "[in mind]," which makes plainer the intentions of the speaker, Professor Berns. The "special Dean" he had in mind was Dean Rusk. But, on reconsideration, it was indeed quite obvious that Dean Rusk, who failed us so egregiously in Vietnam, is not qualified —as Professor Berns so aptly put it, "an opinion that is widely shared at Cornell."

Yours faithfully,

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

■ In our issue of August 10, 1965, we published an account of the struggle of Mr. Robert Woodman, of Wickliffe, Ohio, to fight against the special privileges being exercised by the local chapter of Protestants and Other Americans United Against Church and State. What happened is that the city council voted to give $50 per year to any accredited school attended by any child of Wickliffe. Enter POAU howling about the First Amendment, and taking a full-page ad in the local paper imploring the citizens to repudiate their city council in the name of religious freedom (interesting-pointwise, have you noticed that most of those who cry for religious freedom never practice religion?). Mr. Woodman checked in with Internal Revenue and said could he see POAU's Tax Exempt Organization Form 990-A, and sure enough he noted that POAU's Treasurer had answered Question 13: "Have you during the year either advocated or opposed (including the publishing or distributing of statements) any legislation, national, state or local?"—with a no. So he took a copy of that form to Internal Revenue and demanded action, which of course he never hoped to get.

But now, four years later, reviewing the claims of POAU, Internal Revenue has notified the organization that its tax exemption is revoked. The organization may, of course, continue to harass everyone who wants to pray other than to Mammon, but not with public dollars, and that's good. Bless you, Woodman.

■ Memo from an (indignant) associate: "Howinhell you supposta type on a defective clickety-bang machine with the ¢ key where the carriage return should be and with a tab space where the back space key should be and with a loose carriage (it moves!). Paean it." —**WFB**

Rhodesia, Rampant

Polo and cricket and old-school cravats;
Gardens and parties and ladies and hats . . .
Salisbury seems to be having a ball:
Everyone's turning the Queen to the wall.
Gasoline's flowing from devious routes;
Tea from Ceylon is developing shoots.
Furious liberals at the UN
Counted to ten, and they're counting again.
Why do they have such a passion to flog
People in Salisbury rather than Prague?

W. H. von Dreele

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JAMES BURNHAM

INCREDIBLE, YES. TRUE?

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

Francis James is an Australian journalist, publisher of a small religious magazine in Sydney. While serving in the Australian air force during the war his eyes were injured. In February of this year he was authorized to go to England at government expense to get some special contact lenses. He applied for and got (according to his story) a Chinese transit visa, and booked passage via China through the "China Travel Service." (He had visited China before, most lately in 1957.) In April he journeyed as far as Lanchow in central China, near the Sinkiang border. There (according to his story) friends took him in hand. Through Lung Shu-chin, the boss of Sinkiang, he traveled extensively in the troubled Sinkiang-Kazakhstan border region. He visited the great Karamai oil fields, which produce more than half of China's petroleum, and the nearby Altai district where nearly all of China's uranium ore comes from. He also saw (according to his story) some of the Chinese nuclear installations and talked to many of the scientists and officials who run them. He took photographs and was given others. No other Westerner is known to have visited Sinkiang for a decade.

Francis James did eventually reach England. He sold the most sensational part of his story to the *Sunday Times* (London). Parts have also been appearing in *Guardian Weekly* and other British and West European journals, but not yet, so far as I have noticed, in the American press. The *Sunday Times* states that it had the material gone over by China experts, who also interrogated James at length. They found "no contradictions" in his account, and concluded that he had unquestionably visited China, in particular Sinkiang.

James has been writing about many topics—the Kazakhs in Sinkiang, the border encounters, the oil fields, the economic development of the region, and so on. But it is what he says he saw and heard of the nuclear setup that has the most acute interest.

According to James, the Chinese are now able to turn out A-bombs by the hundreds per year, but are not especially concerned with that potential, since they have now gone on to massive production of H-bombs. He recalls that the Chinese jumped from A-bomb to H-bomb in three years, whereas it took the U.S. seven years.

China and the Centrifuge

James says that the Chinese *already* have, north of Lanchow in the Ala Shan mountains near the border of Inner Mongolia, a centrifuge apparatus for producing enriched uranium, the principal raw material for H-bombs. They are already phasing out their rather meager diffusion plant in Lanchow in favor of the centrifuge process. Not only is the centrifuge process much simpler and cheaper than the diffusion process, but unlike huge diffusion plants, the apparatus it requires is small enough so that it can be installed underground—concealed, the Chinese believe, from the prying sensors of U.S. satellites. (No Western nation has yet taken the centrifuge method beyond the laboratory stage. The U.S. has deliberately blocked development of large-scale centrifuge production on the theory that it would increase the danger of "proliferation.")

The Chinese scientists expect (James says) to begin deploying intercontinental missiles within a year. (This seems to coincide with the current estimate by Japanese intelligence, given to the Japanese parliament a few weeks ago by Foreign Minister Arita.)

The administrative center for the nuclear setup is located in Hami, in Sinkiang five hundred miles east of the Soviet border. The tests mostly take place near Lob Nor in the desert of Takla Makan. In the directing scientific triumvirate there are two Berkeley-trained scientists—Tien Hsueh-shan and Wang Kan-shang. (Wang was once deputy director of the Soviet nuclear institute at Drubna.)

So. What are we to believe? We can be certain of one hypothetical conclusion: *If* what Francis James writes is true, or anywhere near the truth, then U.S. intelligence concerning the Chinese nuclear situation is either totally false or totally falsified, and the U.S. response—including the leisurely Safeguard system—is totally inadequate.

It is obvious in the way he writes that James likes and admires the Chinese. We may assume the Chinese wanted this story told to the world at large, and used James as the vehicle for telling it. Why? The Chinese motive is no less hard to fathom if the story is true than if it is false.

Who gains from the telling of this story? Are the Chinese trying a form of psychological terror?—the dragon breathing fire and brimstone? But there would seem to be a notable danger of backlash. The story presents a serious Chinese intercontinental nuclear threat only a year or two in the future. Thus it provides, *prima facie*, clear motivation for a preventive strike by one or both of the existing nuclear superpowers. A successful Soviet invasion of Sinkiang could cut off China's uranium supply and much of its oil by the same operation that would knock out its nuclear plant. Is it conceivable that this is the explanation for the telling of the story—to offer justification for a military move that Moscow (perhaps with Washington's awareness) may be pondering, may even have decided? But if so, then must not Francis James be, wittingly or not, a vehicle for the Russians (or the Americans) rather than the Chinese? Is *that* conceivable?

Or is it possible there is nothing much to the whole business, that Francis James is just a run-of-the-mill journalist who figured he could get a higher price for his copy by spicing it with tall tales—like that first Western traveler to Sinkiang, Messer Marco Polo, a good many centuries ago? □

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LETTER FROM PURDUE

A leisurely account of Purdue's student crisis
by a conservative teacher who found himself, to his surprise,
on the wrong side of the barricades.
What he, and faculties in general, could learn from it

On Being Had by the Radicals

DAVID M. MILLER

PURDUE UNIVERSITY has a long-standing reputation for confining its nonsense to football, fraternities and a grand prix race in go-carts. Traditionally, the typical Boilermaker knows what he wants from school and goes systematically to work at getting it. He is as solid and useful as the Indiana farmland which surrounds the campus and, one must add, often as lacking in distinction: no mountains, no forests, no oceans. But a good crop every year. The Presidential straw poll has never missed choosing correctly in a Presidential election. Here is the heartland. Not even a chapter of SDS.

But the times being what they are, students coming from the coastal fringes, and a remarkable proliferation of the humanities have worked a change. It is now impossible to get through the day without meeting "committed" souls demanding "relevance" (never mind to what or for whom). The result is a predictable, if still mild, rash of "confrontations." Because of Purdue's even-tempered and pragmatic outlook, there seems little to worry about—if one is thinking in terms of North Carolina A&T. But because things here are less fogged by emotion and violence, the events of the past year reveal a lesson in the new rules of the involved university, particularly for the liberal-moderate-conservative faculty member who is likely to think of students as children who are not to be held strictly accountable for their own actions.

It all began (I suppose with the non-negotiable demands of Eve and the capitulation of Adam) with the formation of a Student Peace Union and a Faculty Action Committee. The mini-crises were initially predictable: recruiting by Dow Chemical and the CIA, the introduction of vulgarity and scatology in student publications, demands for black studies, and the granting of student voting power on faculty and administrative committees. On the whole the controversy was stimulating and useful. A complacent faculty was nudged and an autocratic administration was put on notice that reform was in order. "Without contraries," Blake says, "is no progression." Coffee-room conversation moved from flowers and golf to questioning the order of things, and might, had not subsequent events interrupted, have gone on to metaphysics and the nature of literature. How fine, I thought, to watch the currents of change without drowning. A chance to chart the likely currents and build an ark before the rains come.

But alas. The skies opened and everyone got wet feet. The first cloud of the year arrived innocently enough. Purdue does not have a proper university library, and so Professor Downs of Illinois was hired to tell us how to build one. His report was judicious, detailed, irrefutable, and ignored. The administration waffled, committeed, and gave rise to the suspicion that what was going to be built was not a library, but an undergraduate reading-room located somewhere near the gym. Enter petitions, recommendations, division, and a lot of healthy dialogue and unhealthy bitching. A handful of professors in the humanities were radicalized, and name-calling began between the stolid technicians and the hippie liberal arts people. Most important, a doubt was born as to the capacity of the president to understand "our" problems and goals. At the moment it looks as if proper library plans are being made, but a reservoir of animosity has been stored for the future.

Like most state universities, Purdue goes hat in hand to the state legislature every two years. Generally the trip is well rewarded. But this year the governor had sworn not to raise taxes, and (perhaps) to get back at the hippies, yippies and lippies who have been committing enormities at Columbia, Berkeley, Chicago et al., Purdue's proposed budget was cut drastically. Never mind the reasons for the trimming. The result was a passing of the deficit on to the students to the tune of $6 million—translated as a $150 increase in fees per semester ($200 for nonresident students).

Here at last was a "cause" relevant to the radical, the liberal, the conservative and the reactionary. "Economic racism," shouted the black students.

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"Exploitation by the military-industrial complex," shouted the Peace Union. "Beastliness to the students," shouted the liberals, and "Too damn much money," shouted everybody else. Marches, buttons, banners, semi-lawful occupation of buildings, a few arrests and an equal number of releases. And (how innocent it seemed) a sleep-in at the student union. The student union lounges are manifestly not intended for pajama parties, but because there are guest rooms, the union remains open all night. Ear-shattering music, the pervasive odor of a damp barn, and an inattention to things academic are deplorable substitutes for the rational pursuit of truth, but it is spring and the sleep-inners vacuumed the carpets every morning. A boycott of union food is always worthwhile—though beside the ostensible point. The class boycott fizzled immediately, and a committee (always!) was established to look for fat in the university budget. Moderate-radicalism. Reason prompted by passion. I hardly noticed the wealthy old-grads on Founders' Day as they fingered the donations they had intended for the university and eyed the assembled unlovely students.

Saddling Up

And then the balloon went up. Word spread that a group of jocks, led by an all-American linebacker, was going to pick up the trash littering the union and deposit it in garbage cans. A mysterious call to arms was printed. The enemies of imperialist lackeys were urged to arm themselves in defense of their inalienable rights to be noisy, omnipresent and untidy. Clubs, guns, knives, razors, hatpins (?), were suggested as appropriate weapons. Much adrenalin, no thought, and a nervous administration under pressure to keep San Francisco State from being located right here on the Wabash.

At 2:40 A.M., the acid-rock-bed-rocking was shut down and the police announced that the building was closed to all but registered guests and those with special permits. All who refused to leave would be arrested for trespassing and would be subject to fines, imprisonment, suspension or expulsion from the university. Some left; 229 did not. They were arrested and ordered to appear in court for bonding and at the dean's office for counseling. All hell broke loose.

"A knock on your door in the middle of the night." "The union belongs to the students." "Ideological persecution." "Violation of constitutional rights of symbolic speech." "Double jeopardy." "Forced beautification and personal hygiene." Knots of faculty buzzed with indignation. A young, Kennedyish attorney (who had been defeated for Congress last fall) stepped in to save the young, the oppressed, the innocent, and a seat for himself in 1970. Some fifty faculty members proclaimed a week-long fast (fruit juice and vitamins), and the live-in proceeded with new vigor. Nothing more was heard of fascist-jocks, or of the fee increase; the real enemy turned out to be the university president, or the judge assigned to the cases, or *somebody* who was trying to destroy youthful idealism, suppress legitimate protest, and reinstitute the bad old days. More petitions, letters-to-everybody (except the parents of arrested students). The liberals, and even some of us conservatives, saddled up to defend our children against the arbitrary use of power. Somewhere in the back of my mind a warning buzzed, but I refused to listen.

Although, I reasoned, the students should have left when ordered to do so, the real error was in providing fuel for the dying cause. Since the president had acted at the very least unwisely, why should the students be forced to pay for his error? Expulsion is too great a penalty, and to try the students both academically and in the civil courts smacks of a vendetta. Perhaps at nineteen I would have been in their shoes. Since the law is all that holds things together, it is important to insist that it be applied wisely. The president ought to back down. I signed petitions and began making phone calls.

On May 20 the word was spread that bail would be set at $300 per student and would be due at 9 A.M. the next day. A special judge had been appointed, and he rapidly began to sprout horns and a tail in the minute-by-minute reports from the "liberated information desk" in the union. Since the maximum fine for trespassing is $50, the court was obviously (so it was said) trying to force a plea of guilty. (The fine print of the law read "and up to six months in jail.")

At a coincidental departmental meeting, several professors announced that they intended to present their homes for mortgage to cover the students' outrageous bail. Surprised at my own temerity (assistant professors are supposed to listen), I stood and suggested that we locate enough professors willing to put up bail to prevent any student from being forced to plead guilty or go to jail for lack of a bond.

The Faculty Action people seized the torch and by 9 A.M. the next day enough professors arrived at court to provide one for each of the 129 students called that day. A haggard young man took the names of those willing to stand bail; the judge moved the affair to a larger room. In the meantime the lawyer had been preparing grounds for an appeal so effectively at a press conference that the judge promised him a citation for contempt of court.

Ideological Hangover

After initial skirmishing, the first student was called. A faculty member advanced, checkbook in hand. The student was not even *asked* to provide for herself. She refused bail and was taken off to the applause of the other defendants, professors and onlookers. Revolution is heady wine. The young man I had been comforting asked if he too must refuse bail. I assured him that he must "do his own thing" regardless of mob psychology. (Who was telling whom?) A second hero of the revolution was carted off while the professor stood with his checkbook hanging out. When someone finally graciously accepted bail, my young man breathed audible relief. In the end about twenty students had to be bonded since no one could swear convincingly (the faculty tried) that he had known the accused for at least six months. We left feeling that we had done the right thing, that the forces of tyranny had been held at bay, that the evil university administration had been thwarted by us sterling intellectuals. But somehow I had managed to put out $600 earmarked for a summer of research. It's all a bit murky, but $300 of it turned out to be a bond for that first student who had gained fame by refusing bail. No mortgages were accepted.

When I explained the glory of it all to my wife, she looked at me strangely, brought me a beer and two aspirins, and suggested that I had better go to bed early. Ah, the ideological hangover. Original sin lives. The jailed students were all out by 9 A.M. the next day, having proved their point. I forget just what it was. The arrested young lady that I had bailed called to thank me. I had saved her from having to tell her father. She was sure that he would not have understood.

Now that the cheering has died and the banners faded, what was it that

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happened? How did I get sucked in to something so unconservative, and worse, so stupid? How, I ask myself, would John Milton have sorted all this out? Better begin with a speech about authority, responsibility, freedom and the law.

Institutions and their laws (including the discretionary executive powers of college presidents) exist to prevent men from biting each other. So long as an institution preserves order without unduly repressing those it presumes to protect, the law is to be obeyed; it may be altered only by due process. If due process is not available, or if the institution over-reaches itself so badly that due process is too slow to save individual rights which are irrevocably lost, then responsible individuals must be civilly disobedient. This is done by refusing to obey, submitting to arrest, and then testing the law and its application in the courts. If the courts find no irregularity, four alternatives are available. Take the punishment and don't let it happen again. Leave the society. Take the punishment and then agitate by legal means for a change. Abridge the law without due process. This final alternative is revolution. If it is chosen all bets are off, all rights suspended, and the stronger antagonist establishes a new society or re-establishes the old.

Paradox of the Student

The whole line of reasoning presupposes the defendant to be a responsible moral agent, acting on his own behalf out of deeply felt conviction arrived at by a rigorous examination of alternatives. To the degree that any one of these qualifications is vitiated, the validity of disobedience is reduced. The prime consideration must always be a weighing of the supposed injustice against the possible rent in the fabric of society likely to be occasioned by a refusal to obey the law. In short, the issue has to be significant.

None of this is news to me, and I knew that most of the 229 arrested fit few, if any, of the criteria for civil disobedience. Their decision to remain in the union was arrived at in the middle of the night under pressure of self-justifying rhetoric. Since students arrested two weeks earlier for refusing to vacate the administration building had been released without charge, there was little reason to suppose that arrest was significant. The matter at issue was whether or not students could, en masse, sleep in the lounges of the student union. A disproportionate number of those arrested were freshmen or sophomores.

In the days following the arrests, members of the Faculty Action Committee assured the students that they were not alone, that their cause was just, and that it was all a bum rap which would, somehow, be beaten. The individual students with whom I spoke said not a word about the fee increase—the supposed cause of all this, remember? The real enemy, they had been led to believe, was the system, personified by the authority figures of president and judge. Their first cry was for amnesty, their second for someone else to foot the bill. In short, they acted very much like children who had managed to get into trouble while engaged in youthful pranks.

Well, the year is over, the students all out of jail. Few are likely to be expelled from the university, and the fine (supposing them to be found guilty) is about the price of a trip to an away football game next fall. A tempest in a teapot? Not at all. There is a lesson here which the insignificance of the occasion makes the more pointed. After *dulce*, *utilitas*.

The story is so familiar that I blush. A group of radicals and liberals (faculty and student) have sought a galvanizing issue for the past two years. After various unsuccessful attempts, an issue is dumped into their laps by a harried administration which acted unwisely, untimely and with doubtful morality—though I suspect completely legally. Students involved in an intellectual panty-raid are told that they must fight the good fight for truth, honor, freedom and a new tomorrow against the insensitive, repressive, *old* men who hate them for their youth, truth and beauty. The moderate-to-conservative faculty is made particularly aware of the inappropriateness of an executive move against the students, and the students are pictured as candle-bearing children marching bravely to their execution at the hands of an administration which can't even see that a proper library is to be desired. Throw in a suggestion of collusion between the university and the courts, season it with a minimal raise and scanty promotion list, and the crusade is on.

Two value systems are thrown into conflict. The student-as-child must not be punished harshly for failing to make an adult discrimination. The student-as-adult must be allowed to express his moral judgments and to act upon them. In short, the demand is for adult freedom without adult responsibility. Since a major goal of the conservative professor is the development of adults, it is delightful to see students exercising adult freedoms. Since we know the average undergraduate to be immature, it is painful to see him suffering adult penalties. Hence, we desire, desperately, that the student exercise freedom, and yet we know that he is unlikely to understand the complementary responsibility.

'Without Order . . .'

Ordinarily it is possible to live with the paradox. It has, in fact, been the particular glory of academia to make such a paradox viable. But the contradiction can exist only so long as the actions are intellectual and verbal. Once the university becomes a place of action, rather than discussion, the tension of contradiction becomes unbearable. There are daily examples to show all but the willfully blind that the introduction of lawlessness on campus is immediately followed by a deterioration in study, teaching and research, and that such lawlessness frequently results in physical violence. Each new freedom of student action must be accompanied by its burden of responsibility. To shield the student from the consequences of his overt actions is to prevent the very maturation and consequent wisdom which education strives to foster.

The opposite of order is not freedom; it is chaos. To paraphrase Blake: "Without order is no progression," because in chaos there are not even contraries. If students are to make use of the astonishing opportunities granted them by society, they must be made to realize the costs of revolution. The ineptitude of an administration in no way excuses the irresponsibility of a student. Both are deplorable; both carry unavoidable penalties. As the heart of our universities, the faculties must reform archaic administrations. As the transmitters of our cultural heritage, they must not shield students from the consequences of uncivil disobedience. Above all, mentors must never use their students as revolutionary troops.

Somebody at Purdue was used during the month of May, and the saddle galls are not yet healed. □

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ANTHROPOLOGY

The Upsidedown Man

JOHN KEEFAUVER

(This strange document, miraculously preserved, was uncovered near the skeletal remains of a young male during recent excavations in the Southwestern United States. Anthropologists say it dates from the late 1900s or early 2000s, A.D. —Ed.)

To Whom It May Concern: This, should it be found among my possessions, is a true and accurate summary of an unfortunate portion of my life in a world gone upsidedown—

To begin—(Time is short.)

When I, badgered by everyone, particularly the authorities, finally gave up and started living on my hands, I from the very beginning had strong doubts that upsidedowness would solve my problems. It was, at best, a compromise—in my case, anyway. Still, all my friends—*every one* of them—had told me that this was the only solution, that this was the only way for me to get a different perspective on an upsidedown world and, thus, both to be accepted and to learn to accept. They did not know, however, about my compromise plan.

On my feet I had never been accepted because I had never accepted the Beatitudes of the As-Is. Pursuing Avoidance faithfully, I had shunned the Declaration of Dependence, which, as you may know, begins: "When, in the course of human dependence, it becomes necessary for one people to increase the bonds which connect them with the As-Is, and to renounce their separate and equal station, a decent respect for the opinion of As-Ism requires that they should cleanse themselves of those causes which impelled them to the separation.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created with dependence on the As-Is, that they are endowed by As-Ism with certain unalienable duties, that among these are the furtherance of As-Ism's Life, Liberty, and pursuit of Happiness. . ."

Rather, I gave myself over—vigorously—to fulltime bending, spindling and folding of images, bowling overhand, crunchless everything, ferreting out purpose that wasn't all-purpose, and slowing down my relief.

Because of my stand I was relegated to the back of all buses, balconies of theaters, and separate but unequal schools. Country clubs added bylaws excluding me, no real estate deed was signed without an anti-me covenant, and the Christian Anti-Me Crusade made millions in its first year. Within months Red China had joined the newly-renamed United Nations Against Me.

I could take only so much. That's when I sought out the advice of the few friends I had left. They told me, as I have said, to start living on my hands in order to acquire a new perspective. "Put your head on the ground," they said.

After coming to the decision to use my compromise plan, I reluctantly took their advice and hopped out of bed onto my hands the very next morning.

For a rightsideup man, that first day of upsidedowness was hell. A simple thing like combing my hair was a major feat when my head was where my feet always had been. Eating and drinking were excruciating. I had soup for breakfast—through a straw. Going down the steps to my car was a nightmare. And the stares, giggles and turned-away faces of passersby as I crossed the sidewalk to my car caused me far more embarrassment than I had experienced as an As-Is dropout. Not only was I unable to drive; I couldn't even get the thing started. I took a cab to work. Titters crushed me as soon as I walked into the office. More blood rushed to my face. I was all thumbs as I walked to my desk. As I gave dictation that morning, I had the peculiar sensation that my words, too, were upsidedown. During the lunch period I stayed in the office, propped in a corner behind a clothesrack. I spent the afternoon fighting back tears that were about to gush down my forehead. And through it all I had a headache.

When I left the office for the day it had begun to rain. As I waited for a cab my upturned nose was nearly flooded. My necktie was wrecked; my hair, muddy. That night I put earplugs in my nostrils when I showered. I slept with my head at the foot of the bed.

So it went. The only good thing about my new upsidedown life was that I attracted many more girls now than I had in my headup life—but only at the beach, where my compromise was not obvious.

Another good thing, although of minor importance of course, was that now my feet never hurt.

Gradually, though, I got used to upsidedowness—sort of—as my friends had told me I would. And my perspective did change, although not to the point where I would swear allegiance to the Declaration of Dependence or to allow the official Forehead Tattoo: "As-Ism Forever!" In gothic script.

But this was not why I still continued to be shunned as an As-Is dropout (and this is what this paper is all about). Nor was I shunned because I was now an upsidedown man. If anything, my upsidedowness furthered my acceptance. I was shunned because of my compromise—my dress. It was how I chose to dress as an upsidedown man that caused the continued—nay—

(Continues on page 713)

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SOVIET MIRAGES

Why does the West so often respond favorably to Soviet objectives? Because, says Mr. Sutton, the Russians are using Pavlov's techniques with the greatest success since Potemkin did his thing

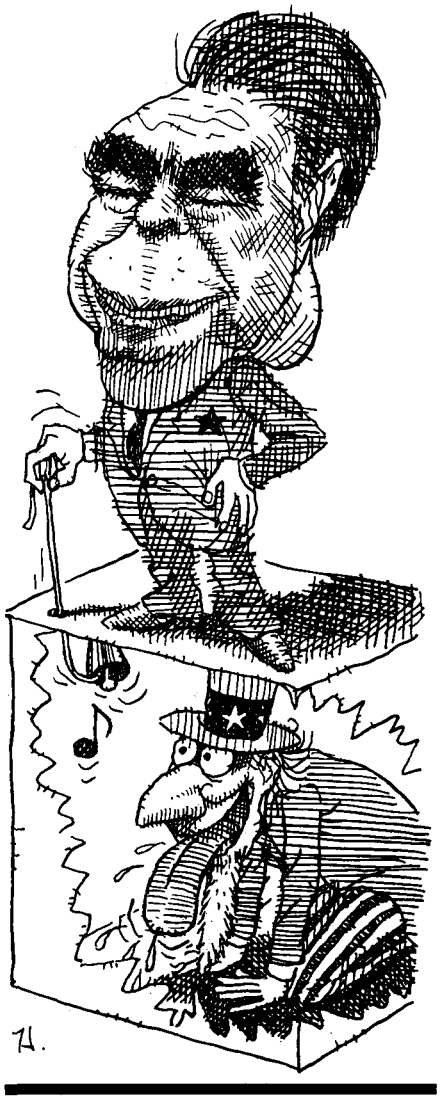
Are We in a Pavlovian Box

ANTONY C. SUTTON

IN THE SPRING OF 1787 Minister Potemkin erected artificial villages along the route of a royal tour by Catherine the Great of Russia. This stage decor, so Potemkin hoped, would pass for viable communities and hide his misappropriation of royal funds. Whether Potemkin succeeded is not recorded—but a modern Potemkin village, on a vast scale, may have succeeded beyond the wildest dreams of its originators.

Since the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 the non-Russian world has, like Catherine of Russia, witnessed a carefully elaborated scenario of a healthy, vigorous and always just-about-to-be prosperous Soviet Russia. That this picture is somewhat remote from reality is generally accepted but the extent of the distortion is perhaps beyond belief. We all—researchers, newspaper editors, State Department policy-planners, company directors, steel mill operators and automobile mechanics—see Russia from the confines of a Pavlovian Box. This may be defined as an environment created and conditioned by fifty years of propaganda and censorship according to a Pavlovian schema. This continued blanket-like restriction on our knowledge and understanding of modern Russia is—so we will argue—the prime cause for divergences in our interpretations of Soviet objectives, for a continuing stream of international crises, perhaps for many national crises and certainly for responsive foreign policies which not only fail to fulfill anticipations but, in such tragic instances as the Vietnamese war, backfire to leave us bitter, bewildered and squabbling among ourselves.

How could such pervasive conditioning come about? Let's briefly examine Soviet use of censorship and propaganda.



Censorship is not a creature of the Bolsheviks. The Czars used it intermittently against unruly social revolutionaries, but after the Revolution there was a flow of fairly accurate and plentiful information until the late 1920s. Censorship evolved from the relative failure of the First and Second Five-Year Plans to live up to their billing, the famines of the early 1930s, the 1930-31 Soviet-Japanese "mini-war" and Stalin's kulak extermination program. It started because Soviet reality did not reflect the image required for succesful world revolution. Soviet socialism in the early 1930s was an unanticipated tragedy, hardly an appealing pattern to be followed by other countries. Consequently an image more likely to lure others along the road to world socialism had to be manufactured.

Soviet censorship since 1930 has been almost total. Books and published material are censored by *Glavlit*, quite apart from screening by political editors for content even slightly adverse to Soviet objectives. There is (as in other countries) a closed literature, but even the open literature is only partially available for export. A Soviet citizen may not travel freely abroad, nor may a foreign citizen travel freely in the USSR. Soviet citizens may not purchase foreign literature, with the exception of a few French historical novels and scientific material, neither may foreigners import books.

Propaganda, the intellectual arm of the Revolution, has been persistent and pervasive. It is the positive counterpart to censorship but manages subtly, by selective omission as much as outright falsification, to create a positive, calculated image in place of the blank left by censorship. The press is therefore totally government controlled. All provincial and secondary publications take their cue from *Pravda*—the general rule is that news must first appear in *Pravda* and not be contrary to a long list of proscribed items and topics.

The single most observable feature of this environment creation process is the complete absence of any adverse comment, however insignificant, on the Party, the government or Soviet culture. There are no doubts. There are

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no debates. The Soviet land of socialism is always the truth, the moral and the example of the future for all mankind.

Soviet culture according to the muddy pages of *Pravda* is healthy, smiling, glowing, vigorous and non-criminal. The "revanchist Germans" and the "aggressor Americans" are daily enemies in bitter little cartoons always located in the same place on page three—this important daily dose of hate is never passed up—necessary, as we shall see, for the Pavlovian schema. The schema is reinforced by infinite variations on a perennial theme—a group of dusty workers each with a pair of cheap goggles suspended from the forehead, clutching a bunch of limp daisies and smiling at a group of clean-cut, clear-skinned, blue-eyed Aryan girls. Turgid, utterly boring, monotonous—with sparks of occasional simulated excitement represented, for example, by full-page coverage of "Lunik."

For fifty years then our knowledge, and interpretations, of the Soviet Union have been based on a flow of one-sided information from a single, controlled source, omitting the unfavorable facts required for objectivity and including not only those capable of favorable interpretation, but those designed to create a specific, detailed image of Soviet objectives. As the basic source material for Western researchers and writers consists only of censored, Soviet-origin material, this has undoubtedly affected Western interpretations. In fact our image of the Soviet Union is almost pure fabrication. Consequently it may logically be asserted that our policy vis-à-vis the Soviet Union is based on illusion—not objective reality.

Pavlovian Men

What are Soviet objectives in these twin, linked policies of "disinformation" and "misinformation"? As the informational environment covers diverse fields of politics, diplomacy, economics, technology and military affairs, the answer must necessarily be in generalized terms. The basic method used has been to create an information environment which will evoke favorable policy responses on the part of the Western world to Soviet objectives.

The modus operandi has been to adopt the research results of Pavlov, the Russian physiologist, to create an environment in which the non-Communist world will react in a predetermined, measured, conditioned manner to specific stimuli. The elite-*Kadroviks,* Party members and the ideologues can, by virtue of their dialectical training, neutralize, interpret and penetrate the environment of disinformation and derive accurate conclusions. Aesopian double-talk, the semantic cover of Communist jargon, contains the means of both interpretation and instruction.

In the spring of 1924 Pavlov delivered a series of lectures to the Red Military Medical Academy in Petrograd, and the last of these—Lecture No. XXIII—was aptly entitled "The Experimental Results Obtained with Animals in Their Application to Man." Pavlov here sketches, in broad terms, the application of his dog experiments and their results to human behavior, and the responses to be expected in human behavior. Working on the assumption that "different kinds of habits based on training, education and discipline of any sort are nothing but a long chain of conditioned reflexes," Pavlov suggests that the two conditions producing pathological disturbances in dogs will also occur in man. Where there is functional interference, by "an unusually acute clashing of the excitatory and inhibitory processes, and the influence of strong and extraordinary stimuli," we will find "nervous and psychic disorders." Applying these findings to man we could expect to find unstable, unsure or confusing behavior in the presence of contrasting external forces, information or instructions. To take one example, the impact of Sputnik was to create instability in our assessment of the Soviet Union. Sputnik in one extravagant stroke made the West, which had generally believed the Russians to be somewhat backward in technology, unsure and confused about its interpretation. In reality Sputnik was a massive application of resources to a narrow technical front—the logical development of German World War II rocket technology. It is interesting that even at this time the Soviets have not departed from the basic German rocket schedule as it stood in 1945, including the undersea A-12 and the Sanger concept.

Although Pavlov's objectives were therapeutic, the military applications are obvious, i.e., *reverse* the Pavlovian therapeutic conclusions and recommendations. Thus removal of conflict is a therapeutic solution, but creation of informational conflict is a military weapon. As speech for man is a means of conditioned stimuli, so the role of propaganda becomes clear; conditioned stimuli applied for specific pre-calculated long-run ends—not hit and miss objectives.

The fear of many even to consider the H-bomb and ABM systems (whatever may be their respective military merits) is a passive defense reflex from very powerful external stimuli: Soviet claims, threats, bluffs and actions through uninhibited development and propaganda use of terror weapons; Khrushchev's claim to the largest H-bomb; more recent disclosures that the Soviets have orbited an atomic weapon; and so on. This is Leninist use of terror or threat of violence—but in a Pavlovian experiment on a gigantic scale—to induce a widespread passive defense reflex, so that Western man will freeze and become immobilized, much like a jackrabbit caught in the headlights of an automobile.

'Killing Is Not Murder'

As Soviet objectives are clear, and are daily spelled out in the ideological literature, an explanation is required for the ability of many in the West to ignore, distort and even deny these objectives. Also in need of an explanation is the consistent ability of many to see a specific action on the part of the Soviets yet deny the reality of the action. Inability to understand Soviet operational techniques, and particularly the use of force, is the basic problem. Western culture does not recognize force as an acceptable means of attaining objectives. Killing, said Lenin, is not murder. Meaningless to a Westerner perhaps, but not to the Soviet planner. The passive defense reflex, our desire to escape violence by taking shelter, plus moral rejection of violence and force as operational methods lead many to a complete inability to appreciate Soviet methods. The Czechoslovakian invasion provided an excellent example—one writer even managed to write a full column suggesting that the invasion of Czechoslovakia was proof that the bridge-building policy had succeeded. Czechoslovakia was no surprise to anyone understanding Soviet operational concepts. There has been no mellowing. No change of heart. No détente. The objectives remain the same but so does widespread inability to recognize these truisms.

Rejection of force as an acceptable way to achieve objectives is compounded by the sheer success, for most Americans, of the American system. We find it as difficult to envisage the Soviets as wanting to overthrow such a successful system, as we do to imagine

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hunger in the backwoods of Tennessee, among those pockets bypassed by twentieth-century affluence.

Present day researchers in the *Imeni v Pavlov* Institute in Moscow are still hard at work in more sophisticated experimentation on the influence of drugs on the nervous system (effect of nivaline on the higher nervous activities), and the application of their research to such unlikely fields as commercial fishing in the Caspian Sea (reaction of fish to artificial daylight). It is, however, the military applications of Pavlov's work that are most important at this time.

Pavlovian Policy

Now reflect on the great failures of American foreign policy: the valiant efforts of President Roosevelt to find an understanding with Stalin and consequent postwar rebuffs, the creation of NATO, and the challenge and casualties of the Korean War. The equally valiant efforts of President Johnson to establish bridges for peace only to find that while *we* did the bridge crossing, the Soviets seized the offered goodies and simultaneously escalated logistical support for the Vietnamese war. Bridges for peace, a policy eminently rational within *our* logical framework, was a timebomb with a short fuse resulting in untold American and Vietnamese casualties.

These policies—it is asserted—were created and failed, not because their authors were immoral, unwise, unstatesmanlike or unintelligent—but because they were captives of a hostile informational environment. The policy-makers failed to appreciate that their own logical framework and informational environment were quite different from that of the adversary. If this had been appreciated, then the informational conditioning could have been pierced. We responded—like puppets on a string—more or less exactly as we were conditioned to respond.

Apply this reasoning to current problems and proposed solutions. Our recently negotiated nonproliferation treaty and the proposed ban on seabed weapons are—so far as the Western world is concerned—not worth the cost of their parchment paper. The Soviets want to deny atomic weapons to U.S. allies and, under the proposed seabed treaty, install their own undersea weapons off the coast of the United States. Far from being twin roads to a more stable world—in the light of our Pavlovian box—both may ultimately lead to a more embittered world, when the Soviet Union breaks these treaties. The continuing pattern of pacts and agreements broken by the Soviets highlights one of the great mysteries of twentieth-century history—the extraordinary ability of the West to forget its betrayals and breaches of agreements at the hands of the Soviets. It speaks much for our desire for peace and Soviet manipulation of that desire.

There are indeed more fruitful paths to peace—but alas these are precisely the policies currently considered as *heightening* rather than lessening tensions. The great benefits accruing to the Soviet Union because of its access to Western technology might well be removed—by embargo—and Soviet efforts then diverted to restoring the benefits. While so doing there will be less appetite for foreign adventures and conflict management at the expense of the West.

Present pleas for recognition of Communist China to be followed by trade will be—if implemented—a certain guarantee of war with China in the 1980s and the 1990s. Such policy makes good sense in a Western logical framework, but to the Chinese it will be sure proof of the fulfillment of Leninist dogma (the weakening of capitalism), and it will encourage the planners to prepare for the *coup de grâce*. Yet, so successful has been the conditioning process that—as the reader peruses the last few paragraphs—he is likely to describe the author as the aggressor rather than the Soviet Union and Communist China.

And furthermore, there are persistent indications that suggest the degree of conditioning may be far greater than generally realized. Let's conclude with one example from personal experience.

'What About Sputnik?'

Having lectured over the years on the topic of the impact of Western technology on Soviet economic development, I find there is an identifiable pattern to the post-lecture questions.

The first question is *always*: "What about the Sputnik?"

After the first few such questions, the writer had a card with "What about the Sputnik?" printed in large letters. The lecture finished, this card would be prominently produced and laid face-down on the lectern. When the expected first question was asked, the card was passed to the questioner and he was asked to read it aloud to the audience—in effect repeating his own question.

My answer to the double question is simply: "That's exactly what you are *supposed* to say" (thus introducing a discussion of the Pavlovian box).

The purpose of Sputnik is not scientific; it is simply a part of the conditioning process: surely a country that can launch a satellite has gone beyond the state where it had one room per family and fewer automobiles than Argentina. Let anyone challenge (i.e., a stimulus) the supremacy of Soviet technology and presto the response is a conditioned reflex: "What about Sputnik?" □

"Look, I'm sorry, Lou. I'm sorry I called you 'bourgeois.' "

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LETTER FROM PARIS

Why Pompidou?

GILBERT COMTE

STRANGE THAT just seven weeks after the April 27 referendum that proved so fatal to General de Gaulle, the Gaullist candidate, Georges Pompidou, could be elected second president of the Fifth Republic by a comfortable margin. Less than two months ago, twelve million French voters rejected their old chief: they could no longer tolerate his authoritarianism and his inconsistencies. It would have seemed that they were also rejecting an insolent and authoritarian administration that had ruled France for eleven long years.

Georges Pompidou's relations with de Gaulle and with the Gaullist government had been equivocal since his abrupt removal from power in June 1968. After de Gaulle had successfully countered the student-worker crisis of the spring, he abruptly dismissed Pompidou, who had been his premier for six years, and replaced him with Couve de Murville. Seven months later Pompidou came out of political retirement and in January 1969 announced his candidacy to succeed de Gaulle, whose term would have run to 1972 had it not been for the April referendum. Pompidou, in effect, set himself up as a man of the opposition. Almost immediately a campaign of calumny was launched against him and his wife (an attempt was made to link him with the Alain Delon-Markovitch French movieland-and-underworld scandal), and it was apparent that the source of these stories was very near the source of power in France; that a major attempt was being made to block his political future.

In April many conservatives voted against de Gaulle because they hoped he would make good on his pledge to resign, and that, in turn, would mean a Pompidou victory in the presidential elections that would have to follow. "If the no were to remove him [de Gaulle]" remarked Mayor Jacques Médecin of Nice, "that would hasten the day when M. Pompidou would be Dauphin." Actually because of its very ingenuity this reasoning influenced only a handful of the people. On the whole, what the country voted for in April was to oust de Gaulle and the Gaullists. And then on June 15, in seeming contradiction it came out in favor of the Gaullist candidate. At the same time, the non-Communist far Left that had terrorized the country a year earlier, succeeded in mustering less than a 5 per cent vote on June 15. On the face of it, can one consider the French as anything but frivolous, unpredictable and fickle?

The answer, when looked at objectively, is far less confusing.

1) On the eve of the April 27 referendum, Prime Minister Couve de Murville, speaking for the government of the Fifth Republic, warned France of "a difficult period, perhaps a period of turmoil" ahead. 2) Two days later, after de Gaulle had resigned, M. Alain Poher, interim chief of state, promised the people of France a transition without chaos. The calm composure of this man, unknown to his compatriots a day earlier, generated an upsurge of sympathy for him. His firmness and his good nature were in sharp contrast to the arrogant and intimidating attitudes of his predecessors.

But, 3) just as certain authors have only one book in them, M. Poher could make only an initial good impression. He didn't use his position to draw up a balance sheet on the Gaullist administration. At first he limited himself to his formalistic duties, and when he launched his candidacy he did so in clumsy fashion, showing little imagination or talent for the job. Pompidou, on the other hand, campaigned indefatigably and with lively intelligence. Just a few days before the second ballot thousands of posters appeared in the Paris area proclaiming: "France needs a *man*, not a nice guy!" To be sure, Pompidou has yet to prove that he is *the man* France needs; but Poher had done little to prove that he was more than a nice guy.

During the Third Republic, Poher's all-too-evident lack of genius could have advanced his career. The provincial bourgeoisie and the prewar republican lower classes liked this type of banal politician—discreetly opportunistic, incapable either of major failures or of great successes, with a lack of imagination which could and did lead to indecision and political deadlocks.

But after eleven years of Gaullism—during which time TV entered every home—France no longer wants to be led by mediocre men. Rightly or wrongly, the French people today want style and presence. The defeat of Alain Poher signifies a deep-seated national rejection of a certain form of honest mediocrity.

That rejection, however, will not make M. Pompidou's job any easier. If you lump together the Poher votes, the exceptionally high number of voters who went to the polls to vote *nul*, and the abstentions, it adds up to eighteen million, that is to say more people opposed or abstained than voted for Pompidou. By its refusal to choose between the two candidates the Communist Party helped confuse the picture. It tried to capitalize on those citizens who for one reason or another (which had nothing to do with the class struggle) opposed both Poher and Pompidou.

AFTER FOUR MONTHS of agitation attendant on the referendum and the presidential balloting, France is in the mood for a restful summer. But this truce is temporary. The summer vacation—*fermeture annuelle*—in France is like the Olympic Games in Ancient Greece, a period when hostilities are suspended—but not eradicated. The vacationers who take off to the seas or mountains in the next few weeks will return home in September with their antipathies intact, and their demands probably larger than ever. The unions have already indicated they will want substantial wage increases in the fall, which indeed are overdue.

There is no way to predict how the new president will react to these demands. His image during the campaign, particularly in comparison to the ineffective M. Poher, was that of an energetic man. He reminded the voters that it was he who had held the state together during the turmoil of last year. Between May 26 and May 30, 1968, during those four dramatic days it was

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Westbrook Pegler died some time ago, Mr. Phelps contends, when his syndicated column—and his audience—were taken away from him. A sympathetic look at the man, his work, and what it was that made him unique

A Vote of No Confidence

DONALD PHELPS

THE MOST SHOCKING aspect of that epilogue to his career, it seems to me, is the feeling that he always needed me more than I realized. *Me*: i.e., his audience. In the bleakest and grandest moments of his seeming isolation, Westbrook Pegler had handcuffed himself to his reader; and now, the reader sits about a foot away from Pegler's campfire, with that black rotunda just outside.

Pete Hamill did well, in a *New York Post* column a year or so back, to mention Pegler's vagrant debut in the white supremacist *Counsellor*, of Louisiana. The excerpt which Hamill quoted was an astonishing fantasia about the adulterative presence of Jews (or as Pegler spelt them, "jews") in the Hearst syndicate. It was pricked out with references to the "sheeny superstitions" of Hearst columnist George E. Sokolsky and the duplicities of manager Richard Berlin; who once, according to Pegler, informed Pegler that he, Berlin, had "rolled on the floor" over a Pegler attack on the Anti-Defamation League; but that the "Jew Klux"—allegedly clamoring in Berlin's antechambers—would have to be smoothed down with the "Eli, Eli bit." Hamill did well, I say, to mention it; and—in writing about Pegler's removal from his vocation (and when he lost his column he lost his life) with evident sympathy and ruefulness—he did, I suppose, as well as might be expected.

Yet Hamill's remarks seemed to me clogged with the romantic sentimentality which marbles the comments of that other former-Pegler-fan-now-Pegler-mourner, Murray Kempton. Kempton's observation, cited by Hamill, that only someone whose wife loves him as Pegler's wife loved *him*, can "argue" with Pegler, is a bit of high sentence equal to Kempton's ex-neighbor, Mary Worth. Hamill neglects the conjugal angle of

Pegler's journalistic career, but deplores Pegler's antagonism to Walter Reuther and organized labor, and Pegler's need to find a reason for the world's afflictions; leaving us free to infer that such philosophical aberrations might easily lead to antisemitism and an outcast's life.

This kind of reverse hero worship ("His ideas were all wrong, of course, but, by George, he walked tall in his day!") condescends excessively to Westbrook Pegler's attitudes (I mean, of course, the attitudes of the Roosevelt-and-labor-baiting Thirties and Forties) which, while anything but sophisticated, or even thoughtful, were in some ways very shrewd and sensitive, lending his work a drive and solidity it might otherwise have lacked; and condescends, too, toward Pegler's weaknesses: a mental flaccidness (apart from his rhetorical skill) and a temperamental passivity; which, so far as I can tell from perusal of his 1930s' writing, was turning up in his work long before his career showed any decline. If one feels impelled publicly to write a man off, well and good; but one owes him then, it seems to me, the respect of looking at reasons with a humility which precludes sentimentality.

It strikes me that neither Kempton nor Hamill has mentioned the *malignancy* of Pegler's daily occupation; when he wrote, first for Scripps-Howard, then, in the Forties, for Hearst, a daily opinion column. As I see it, such a column, besides being fiercely exhausting, must be the most essentially *unnatural* of journalistic tasks. Unnatural, because it depends on the illusion of eternal life, which the columnist, day after day, must sustain. (It is understood that I'm not now referring to theater, music or other such specialized columnists, who are fortified by at least some compartment of the world.) This eternal life is not, of course, like the immortality of the epic hero; for such immortality, in Homer or the Roland legends, was really the epitome of mortality: its mutability, its courage, its vulnerability; while the columnist's eternal life is of a piece with that of the TV serial hero: i.e., a perversion, featuring infallible virtue, immutable astuteness; fortified by the crassest, and least negligible, virtue of all: the brute ability to survive. Thus invigorated, the columnist, like the TV hero, becomes, for his public, through the erosions of time which nevertheless may not kill him, either an insufferable irritant, or an affable convention. He appears to be—must appear to be—independent of time, a cheerful circuit rider; whereas in fact, he is more a

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share-cropper of time, working always on the margins of events.

Westbrook Pegler learned very early in his career, apparently, how to make the best of a potentially pulverizing mechanism. I've been reading some of his Thirties pieces, in *The Dissenting Opinions of Mr. Westbrook Pegler*, and *'Tain't Right*: two collections published in 1936 and 1938; noticing again that singular passiveness which struck me, occasionally, in the 1940s columns he did for Hearst. Even toward the beginning, he seems to have found—or sought—as little ego-capital in his vocation as any American journalist of the time. Judging by the anthologies they furnished, those Thirties columns were probably as varied in subject-matter and tone as any work Pegler ever did, before or subsequently. In them, he attacks the Ku Klux Klan through a Klansman's imaginary diary ("June 8—Awful tired all day. Out all night flogging Hyman Cohen, the clothes presser. . . . Heard addresses by Kleagle, Kligrapp and Great Exalted Kludd"). He presents a moving, chilling sketch of a "Sick Town": Eastport, a glum wilderness of debris and lethargy, after the Administration cancelled the Passamaquoddy Dam project. He shies at the New Deal, in a fable about a poker game, and proposes a fund for rehabilitating alcoholics, to be garnered from the monies spent by drunks.

Comedy and Cruelty

And yet, whatever the subject or the political slant, Pegler's consistent tone, his basic voice, is self-effacing to evasive. He repeatedly adopts *other* voices: the voice of the Klansman; that of George Spelvin (in what I always found the most boring of his productions; not, as Oliver Pilat proposes, because Pegler and Spelvin were so much alike; but rather, because Pegler was imaginatively incapable of projecting himself into a two-dimensional democratic lowbrow). When he *does* speak in his own voice, the writing is as candid as clear water. He frequently jibes at his more portentous fellows: suddenly cutting short the diatribe, and the column, with a blunt dismissal, for example: "This is getting plumb ridiculous." Compare Pegler in the Thirties with the urbane sententiousness of his colleague and ex-friend Heywood Broun; or with as much as you can bear to read of his later colleagues, Lait and Mortimer. There is almost no ostentation, no intimation that "Everything's under control, folks." He evidently acquired very young the knack—more likely, it was an astutely-recognized need—for keeping to the perimeter of events. That knowledge enabled him to scout a column from a phrase, a scene, a Disney cartoon, an incident seen or heard about. And always he treated the column, not as a power conferred, as an office, but as a handy location, a place to be. Even in *The Dissenting Opinions*, you receive the image of a man to whom things happen, *a man who is done to*. At that time, however, his sense of his audience remained solvent: the audience was still to be accosted, confronted with Pegler's *specific* experience; was not yet merely a huge, implacable extension of his writing. So, his passiveness doesn't interfere with humane declarations, tartened by melancholy:

> We somehow do not think of women at all in considering the down-and-outers. They are scarce in the breadlines, they rarely are seen begging in the streets. And they are not recognizable in crowds by the same plain signs which identify busted men . . .

Hardly brilliant, barely "distinguished" by any of the obvious counters, this passage represents, to me, some of Pegler's very best writing; and some of the best writing in American journalism; precisely because he is *attesting* to misery, not pretending to rectify it through grandiose sentimentality, or epigrammatic social prescriptions. He feels himself a subject of a situation to which he can perceive no end; and this sense of participation, immensely hard for a newspaper columnist to convey—it seems to me—is what Pegler brings his audience; not by disclaiming the distance between himself and them, but by never forgetting it.

His style, not so pressing as later on, was second only to that of Ring Lardner as a contribution of American journalism to writing. Pegler lacked Lardner's wit, or his almost excruciating sensitivity to the nuances of popular speech. When Pegler pretends to be somebody else, the effect is of false-face rather than of disguise; he never shared Lardner's curiosity about language, or the people using it. But the voice which Pegler achieved was a miracle of flexibility and precision, as distinguished from reportorial accuracy. His attitude toward elegance was never the nervous half-patronage of Ben Hecht or Gene Fowler, who repeatedly used Fancy Dan circumlocutions to get a cheap laugh (mixed with admiration, of course). Pegler's elegance comes from galvanizing very simple words, or from repeating such a word, to set the beat for one of his disarmingly loose-gaited occasionals. A piece on six-day bicycle races (as stockpiles of philosophy for his more ambitious colleagues) is a howl, in great part from his marimba-like repetition of "think." The untiring lope of the sentences—giving place to unexpected fussiness over some minute qualification—furnishes us, at times, with wild Chicago comedy, always stitched with the already-familiar cruelty: ". . . The designers of the [Chicago] Stadium played the boys a cruel and cynical trick. They canted the Stadium lobby in a steep incline to the door, so that when the boys stand around and rock, they rock themselves gradually down hill and presently out onto the sidewalk. The Garden lobby is a flat lobby, and so are the floors in Washington, so the boys do not rock themselves away."

Playful Intensity

The reader is borne on a skein of absurd suspense, to the minor-key ending. A kind of singing governed Pegler's articles: the words, or rather their sound, is often the most substantial feature; he seems constantly aware that he's delivering nothing else to his audience; nor does this trouble him at all. There is no sustained thought in any of his pieces that I can recall, unless (but are they "thought"?) one counts the several exposé series that he did in the Forties: on Willie Bioff, the West Coast labor racketeer; on Henry Wallace and his guru pen-pal. He demonstrates very little inventiveness, ever; the poker-game column, the column (quoted above) on punch-drunk fighters and politicians, depend on the basic idea, and the stylistic riffs he performs with it. Nor are there the visual effects, the metaphorical spangles, that you can find in his trashier disciples—Robert Ruark, for example. His writing shows no artistic or intellectual structure, although it displays plenty of form—in the sportsman's sense of that word: grace modelled by playful intensity, to discharge the artist's purpose.

But that reedy, ingenious, faintly Irish voice carried farther than it is credited. I don't think Hemingway was much of an influence on Pegler; I find more of Mark Twain in the repetitions, the surprise climaxes, the loose-buckled colloquialism. And, in turn, Pegler's

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application of these devices did, I think, influence not only Ruark, but a generation of sports columnists who found, not only in the sports columns themselves, but in the subsequent occasionals, a *persona* to unify and confirm their observations; and a kind of viewfinder for the world at large. Jimmy Cannon, in the Forties' *New York Post*; Bill Slocum; Ruark's imitator, Richard Starnes; Starnes' imitator, Jimmy Breslin; Breslin's second-stringer, Dick Schapp . . .

Yet, however much they benefitted from him, I think that none of Pegler's admirers and imitators was able to reprise his original contribution: a unique feeling for the *looseness* of everything—current events, human behavior, ethics—lying outside the sure, but hardly snug, enclosure of his column. He never had much sense of complexity—having neither the ability nor, I believe, the will to locate relationships among the prisms of experience—but he was remarkably sensitive to contradictions and distractions; and even a simple-looking article will hum with their exciting pressure. For, sensitive as he was to contradictions and distractions, he was also unafraid of them; so that, even in the open-hearted essay on busted men and women, he must, with a cat-like twitch at the end, score off Edward VIII, a regal down-and-outer, for his opulent pension. In one of his best pieces, in the Birch Society magazine *American Opinion*, he takes the part of a labor czar—Jimmy Hoffa, no less—against a still more odious adversary, Bobby Kennedy. The apparent self-contradiction, here, signifies his response to a deeper contradiction, of Kennedy's pretensions by his occasionally cleat-footed practices. And yet, I'm sure, Pegler himself never saw it that clearly. To confront contradiction requires a sense of irony which, in turn, entails more confidence in one's mastery of the real world, than Pegler, evidently, ever felt or could feel. Long ago, I warrant, he submitted himself for good and all to the reversals and paradoxes and blowups of the world, in a way all but unthinkable for a man resolved to contribute some sort of order to the world. His column is the only stable place, and none too stable at that: like a shanty built within, say, three feet of the river's first tide-marker; the waters, dappled with rubbish, pouring through the shanty's two rooms every other day or so; but never quite dislodging it. And there's always the salvage. Perhaps only a daily, syndicated column enables a man so regularly to recognize the variability of life, without facing it.

Comic-Strip Columns

Those columns of the Thirties and Forties, in which Pegler attacked the Roosevelt Administration (following a roseate group of articles, the first of which was forthrightly titled "Honeymoon Weeks") were widely accepted by Pegler's liberal pallbearers, as advance signs of intellectual sclerosis. I don't agree, even granting much to find fault with, here as in the earlier columns. Apart from my belief that much of Pegler's sentiment against Roosevelt's arrogance and frivolousness was correct, I think that his sallies against the Administration offered Pegler a terrain outside of his own column's precarious cabin, which—if only for a limited time—stood him in excellent stead: sharpening his wits, endowing him with a purpose beside mere self-sustenance. The purpose I refer to was that of reaction: a word which has been used often enough as smear, but which I prefer using as identification. Pegler reacted—or better, *counter-reacted*—against everything about the national set-up, which caused him pain or consternation. This "everything" was multi-faceted and, fairly often, contradictory: as I've indicated, he never seemed much attracted to complexity of thought ("Mine are not deluxe thoughts," he concedes, "but they are good and sturdy and give satisfactory results . . ."). He had, however, a jabbing response to specific provocations; he seemed to react with his skin more than any other columnist; and his brutally chummy characterizations of FDR and his ménage (Old Moosejaw, La Boca Grande, Bubblehead Henry, Old Wienie) created an entourage resembling the pestilential secondary characters in comic strips.

Pegler's skin, I dare say, was always the most important ingredient in his critiques of men and affairs. Time after time, through all the knuckly playfulness, the Roosevelts and Wallace and Ickes seem to cause him something like the sensation of too-tight garters, or a socially inaccessible itch. This ability to ache and chafe from others' foolishness and corruption (and, occasionally, misery: late in the Thirties, when his career as anti-liberal troglodyte was well underway, Pegler wrote the then-famous essay on the fate of Jewish children under Hitler; as well as a piece on the destitute swamp-dwellers of Ocheekobee, Florida, nearly equalling the Eastport sketch) is probably the most important trait he had in common with Swift and Juvenal; not that skin-reaction isn't—in my opinion—a thousand times more meaningful criterion for satire than highly puffed and guffed "moral vision." (Juvenal's bipartite moral vision—get rid of the faggots and foreigners/pay me more money—is slightly more restricted than the liberals' version of Pegler.) Appreciably often, as in the piece on Ickes, he gets masterly results from a combination of sports-fan's argot (which he used far less gravely than Hemingway) with a (probably Irish) ability to deflate by aggrandizing:

> I may not be so hot when you put me in with some of those main-event ideology blokes and Fancy Dan economists, but give me Ickes any time. He was made for me. Santa Claus brought him for me. . .
>
> I murdered him out in Chicago during the Democratic Convention when the Party of Roosevelt and Humanity renominated the Great Indispensable under the social and political auspices of a gang of political porchclimbers and who else but Harold the Pure in Heart?

What he's doing, of course—and the technique became ever more accommodating over the years—is, scaling *down* the Roosevelt Administration, so that its members (as well as George Meany, William O. Douglas, Justice Frankfurter) are consistently brutal: Wallace comes through as Punchinello combined with Dummer August. This is why I now feel that the various distortions and slanders charged against Pegler, and from time to time, proven, were less serious than they may have appeared: for Pegler pretended less than any columnist to be a Mass Information medium (although, of course, he did occasional straight news stories, like the series on Willie Bioff). And (but this is part of the price exacted by that eternal life for which he opted) the *boundaries* of the column became ever more important over the years, so that the column at last was not so much a place, as an aperture before which he must appear, every day. For a man in many important ways so reticent, Pegler announced his limitations more forthrightly and more eloquently (although, often enough, unconsciously) than any of his contemporaries. The stories he told about FDR and Mrs. Roosevelt, and Wallace and Quentin Reynolds (all defamatory of the subject's honor, or

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propriety, or good sense, or sanity), were probably accepted by Pegler himself, were probably believed by him, on the occasions when he used them; but the effect they create is of folklore. He seems to entertain no real hope that these horrendous legends will effect any exposure of Roosevelt or of labor, because—just as the personalities come to resemble comic-strip characters—the evils which they circulated become, in his swirling, spiralling prose, as timeless, that is, as separate from reasonable time, as the episodes of a comic strip: one more scurrilous story melting into the arcana of yesterday.

Pegler was a reactionary; the great satirists are imperialists. That is why his exercises in sustained irony, like the piece about the Klansman, or a testimonial to the "kindliness" of imperial Germany, seem heavy-handed and unpersuasive. He lacked the confidence in his own turf, the assurance that he could prevail over the world, the certitude which gives irony its necessary leverage.

Nor, I think, was he ever truly a conservative, in the sense in which other fractious, eloquent old men—William Carlos Williams, Edward Dahlberg, Robert Graves, Robert Frost, Ezra Pound—have honored the word. Even at their most antagonizing—when you're on the point of saying, well that's that, he's had it, or I've had it—these men, in poetry and printed statement, never relinquish their holding action: clinging to reality and, at the same time, exemplifying reality for us, generously. For no matter how wayward, they are all generous, with the liberality of poets; which is conservative to the bone. I remember some remarks made, nearly a decade ago, by William Carlos Williams, on an interview program; in which, perfectly soberly and without rancor, he explained how many Jews, in his opinion, antagonize Gentiles by their aloofness and unethical dealings with them. No question of "justifying" such an opinion; rather, the opinion substantiated Dr. Williams: his candor, his good and unassuming provincialism, and, indeed—for he made his remarks while refuting Ezra Pound's patchwork antisemitism—Dr. Williams' generosity. It is impudent even to consider apologizing for this man.

Zigzags and Scallop-Shapes

By comparison, the awfulness of Pegler's references to "jews," mentioned above, is its lack of *any* passion, generous or otherwise. One senses no imagined assault by khaftans, beaked noses, rabbinical beards. Pegler is sporting with the theme of confusion: the absurdity of a professed Catholic surrounding himself with ideological aliens. The men of whom I have written, even in moments of the most bilious misanthropy, regarded their audiences as extensions of themselves: not merely a waiting "public," vast and nebulous, but a particular image of a "good listener," not merely a reflection of the artist, but a guide to subsequent work. For Pegler, during the most productive periods of his career, the audience seems to have been a crepuscular swarm, Out There. He was always jealous of preserving his identity—the one thing, evidently, he truly cared about "conserving"—yet, that identity seems never to have been rich or complex or satisfying to him. Rather, it seemed to have dwindled over the years, into a talisman, like the magic bone worshipped by aboriginal tribes; while the public outlying his columns became more shifty and nameless and menacing. Indentured to a daily column, one finds oneself ever more obliged to open one's self out; to publicize, thus simplifying and making innocuous, one's eccentricities and tics. Pegler recognized this very early in the game, I am sure. When he wrote to a critic: "My real name is Westbrook Pegler; what's yours?" there is more in the cry than mere glib, sloganeering xenophobia; though the fear of foreigners, of all immeasurables, entered into his writing again and again, increasingly in the Forties and Fifties. They were hateful, of course, not from what he "knew" of them—like the professional racists—but from what he did *not* know. The worst aspect of Pegler's jibes, is that their real target is an audience for which the "jew"—that handy symbol for stupefied despair—is the most articulate emblem.

During the Forties particularly, he learned to make a gambit of confusion. His politically-toned columns often resembled test-pattern screens of bewitching zigzags and scallop-shapes. The idea or proposition or catch-phrase which leads off the column finds itself a-skitter on the edge of first one, then another, spiralling sentence. The game is, keeping intelligibility rightsideup. He writes a zany-exotic parody of O. O. MacIntyre ("Look-alikes: Will Hays and Irwin S. Cobb, Fannie Hurst and Charles M. Schwab, Irving Berlin and Gene Tunney"). His feelings toward George Spelvin and His Missus always came with at least two handles, as far as I could tell; as often as the Spelvins retail folk wisdom, they seem also to be Pegler's mouthpieces for sheer incoherence: sausage-chains of those flag-waving imbecilities which Pegler most

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LETTER FROM URUGUAY

Taps for Christian Democrats?

ROBERT PETER

THE INTERNATIONAL Union of Young Christian Democrats, founded in Caracas, Venezuela in 1962, held its Third World Congress in Montevideo, Uruguay in May 1969, leaving many doubts as to whether there would ever be a fourth Congress.

Europeans were cast as scapegoats with the Germans getting the first blast. They had hardly handed over their considerable financial contribution when the attacks on them began: slaves of the Yankees, lackeys of the imperialists, etc. Peruvian delegate Rafael Roncagliolo, president of JUDCA (*Juventud Demócrata Cristiana de America Latina*), was the first to make it clear that only the very innocent still believed in unity, and he asked whether it wouldn't be better to break with the Europeans once and for all. Only the Venezuelans tried, unsucessfully, to keep the Congress on a middle course.

Some Europeans tried, also. Dr. Friederich König, leader of the Austrian delegation, delivered a speech which could not have failed to impress the audience, if everybody had not already made up his mind not to be impressed by anything that had to do with moderation. Take Austria as an example, Dr. König told the delegates. No Austrian thinks of his country as a truly capitalist state. After bitter experiences between 1918 and 1945, Austria was run by a coalition of its two biggest parties that lasted twenty years. They enacted generous social laws which freed workers from social isolation, and brought this about by quiet and orderly means. The so-called "communitarian socialism" (*socialismo comunitario*) so popular these days in Latin American leftist circles, he pointed out, has not yet been tested. But even if it should work out for Latin America, this wouldn't mean that it could automatically be applied to all other countries. Dr. König suggested that the Europeans act as mediators between the United States and Latin America. But nobody was interested in mediation. The Latin American delegates did not want to alter their prefabricated notions of capitalism and imperialism. If the "new man" and "communitarian socialism" are to come about, it must be by revolution. The new man they talk about is not identical with the Soviet man; the delegates do not like Moscow these days. Russian imperialism was just as abominable as U.S. imperialism; the Soviet man is under suspicion of being a bourgeois with strong leanings towards conservatism.

Just what is communitarian socialism? Argentine delegate Rodolfo Diaz explained it to a journalist: "We want to give a new meaning to our definition of ourselves as socialists. We think the time of representative democracy is over. In the new socialist society the masses will participate in the revolutionary leadership; this is what we mean by communitarianism." Just how, technically, the masses are supposed to participate in revolutionary leadership, unless through representatives, was not explained. What the young radicals have in mind is probably the Cuban model with Fidel Castro making all the decisions, intuiting what the masses want (for instance, unpaid work in the sugar fields on May Day, while workers in neighboring capitalist countries were enjoying a paid holiday). Diaz told the weekly *Marcha* that his Christian Democrats had good contacts with the Peronistas, and that they wanted to build a socialist society in collaboration with all groups of the Left; they do not want a change within the system, but a change of the system, and if this was leftist, then he would gladly call the Christian Democrats a "definitely, totally and absolutely leftist movement." A Bolivian delegate credited Che Guevara with transforming the Bolivian Christian Democrats into radicals.

There was much interest in the Chileans since prominent radicals in the country who favored a union with the Communists and Castro-Socialists, had just left President Frei's Christian Democratic Party. Two delegations arrived, one authorized by the party, the other by the "rebels." It did not take the committee very long to reach a decision. The rebels were seated as Chile's official delegation, and representatives of the president's party were "also admitted." The rebels lived up to expectations. Their leader, Rodrigo Ambrosio, delivered a Cuban-sized speech praising Fidel Castro, the guerrillas and the revolution, and censuring the Soviets for not helping the partisans. Another Chilean, Mr. Yega, said that the Communist Party was too bourgeois to be a partner in revolution—they would have to "purify" themselves as the Christian Democrats had done, and get rid of old Social Democratic ideas; only then would they be acceptable and capable of helping the progressive elements put an end to traditional parliamentarianism.

"Union" and "democracy" had obviously been dropped by this time; now it was "Christianity's" turn. Somebody asked, what about the Pope? The delegates had no use for him at all. The Latin Americans claimed that Vatican II had authorized violence to eliminate social injustice, but since the Pope had come out against violence, his state of mind was "preconciliar." The great hope of the Church was not priests like the Pope, but priests like Camilo Torres, whose name was applauded whenever mentioned. (Torres was the Colombian priest who took to the hills with Castroite guerrillas in 1966, and was killed soon after by government troops.)

AT THE END, there were predictions: many said the young Christian Democrats would soon break with the older leaders of their own parties. But not only with them. They could no longer associate with the Europeans because Europe is allied with the North American imperialists. The Latin Americans would have to go it alone since the European Christian Democrats are clearly enemies.

The Europeans just might let them do it. "Maybe we shouldn't try to avoid the split," one of the German delegates told me. "After all, why should we go on financing them? Wouldn't it be better to separate and start a new movement, instead of nurturing subversion?"

Then they left. All that remained were the posters with the motto of the Congress: "In unity and solidarity the Christian Democratic Youth builds a new society." □

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THE CURTAIN FALLS

Black Power Casualties

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

Last April Donald Lambright cruised slowly along the Pennsylvania Turnpike, a rifle cradled in one arm, firing random shots at passing cars. He killed two people, wounded seventeen, then pulled off the highway and shot his wife and himself.

Nine months earlier Bill Cosby stood before CBS-TV cameras to narrate the first in the Xerox-sponsored series on "Black America." His voice dripping scorn, he dissected the roles of oldtime Negro movie actors—one in particular. "The tradition of the lazy, stupid, crap-shooting, chicken-stealing idiot," said Cosby, "was popularized by an actor named Lincoln Theodore Monroe Andrew Perry. The cat made $2 million in five years in the middle Thirties. And everyone who ever saw a movie laughed [at him]."

Lincoln Theodore Monroe Andrew Perry, Donald Lambright's father, still makes them laugh. But it's harder now. He's 77, and things have changed. Once he lived in a mansion staffed by Chinese servants and rode, attended by a bugle-blowing footman, in a chauffeur-driven town car. Now he sleeps in a tired residential hotel in Louisville, Kentucky, and walks to the sleazy topless joint he plays nightly, the best booking he's been able to manage since Cosby.

To see him at work, you climb a steep flight of stairs covered with soiled crimson carpeting. At the top turn left, through a narrow door guarded by small-time Louisville hoods, and into a room with two bars and a small stage at the far end. A half-dozen girls in bras and briefs tend bar, hustle slow drinkers (two bucks a throw for mixed drinks), and take turns dancing. The basic routine is always the same. They strip down to G-strings and small shiny pasties, from which hang tassels that spin like P-38 propellors when the girls kick their fast heel-and-toe rock step. They shake it hard, squealing as the music heats up, but their eyes are cold and they snap low-voiced wisecracks among themselves. ("There's one hell of a draft up here, honey." "Look at the wall-eyed one gawp. Wonder what wifey's doing?")

And every couple of hours the girls get tired, the jukebox goes off, and the drinkers fall silent. And from the back of the room a stocky black man in evening clothes walks to the small stage, twirls a few dials on a complicated console, and loud music blares suddenly through the room, distorted and garbled, much like the music from a broken-down old merry-go-round. He straightens, sizes up the audience, then slides into his routine. The act is instinctive, fractured, and the stray conventioneers and servicemen shift around and talk, waiting for the girls to return. A few funny hats, some soft-shoe shuffles, a song or two of a type that hasn't been heard since Harry Fox sang "True Blue Sam the Travelin' Man," and a stream of jokes. ("I'se the stone-age Sammy Davis." "We was so poor that come Chrissmus Eve Daddy'd go outside, fire off his shotgun, and tell us Santy Claus just committed suicide.") Eventually he hits one that draws a laugh, reluctant at first, ceremonial, and he quickly mines the vein. And suddenly, as the audience loosens up, it happens. Just an instant, as when you're hit by the hubris of the young Bing Crosby thirty years later or when Artie Shaw's clean clarinet slices momentarily through the slush of a pretty swing background. And you know you're watching someone who had it once and still shows flashes. This is no ordinary third-rate comic. This is a man who earned a million dollars and who made it possible for Negroes to play feature roles in early Jim Crow Hollywood. ("After me," he says proudly, "black people could walk through the front door of any studio.") The first great American Negro movie actor, friend of Jack Johnson, Will Rogers, Irving Berlin, Al Jolson. It's Lincoln Theodore Monroe Andrew Perry, best known by his stage name—Stepin Fetchit.

Fetchit made dozens of movies in the Twenties and the Thirties, then left Hollywood rather than knuckle under to the ideological demands of the leftists who took over the industry. Before the Cosby show he had launched a comeback which resulted in several movie and TV offers. Now, however, the offers have dried up. Thanks to Cosby, he believes, his name has become synonymous with Uncle Tom's. In the Thirties his career was ruined by the red blacklist. In the Sixties it's the black blacklist.

And this time the tragedy is personal as well as professional. Donald Lambright, whose birth to Fetchit and a Cotton Club beauty was announced by Walter Winchell, was a driven man, and his turnpike shootout is a mysterious business, complicated by the disappearance of a white hippie-type passenger just before the shooting began, ambiguous statements about just when the car entered the turnpike and just what direction it should have been traveling in, and the whole purpose of the trip. (Some familiar with the case suspect the suicide was actually an assassination planned by the Republic of New Africa group to which Lambright once belonged.) But accepting the official version, that Lambright was ripped apart by racial tensions, one can understand at least part of his motivation. After the Cosby show, Fetchit says, his son called him, terribly upset, to say: "Dad, you've got to *do* something."

Fetchit is understandably bitter, bewildered by the charges of men like Cosby. He believes that his movie roles were aimed at entertaining Negroes, not whites, in the Plantation Show tradition, and he not only denies Cosby's charge that he was a white man's clown but points out that Cosby himself is simply doing in the Sixties what he accuses Fetchit of having done in the Thirties. The difference between playing a servant in a Shirley Temple movie and a man who pretends to be a servant in a television show (*I Spy*), he says, is a difference only of time and degree and not of substance.

Fetchit survived the leftist takeover of Hollywood, but he has been badly wounded by the black power revolutionaries. He is a decent and devout man who opened up the motion picture industry to Negroes and made the Cosbys possible. He deserves better of his successors. □

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RUSSELL KIRK

STUDENTS FOR EDUCATION

FROM THE ACADEMY California State College at Dominguez Hills suffered in March a week-long boycott of classes, organized by the Black Students' Union, the local SDS people, the Third World Liberation Front and the usual fanatic little knots of post-adolescent ideologues. The pretext for this affair was absurd, as one has come to expect, and the demands made were still more ridiculous.

It would be a waste of time to describe this boycott—imitative of bigger troubles on bigger campuses—were it not that at Dominguez Hills there arose, in consequence of the interruption of classes, a vigorous and eloquent organization of students who call themselves Students for Education (SFE). Shortly after the boycott, this new group "respectfully submitted" *its* demands to the nerveless administrators of this state college. Here they are:

"1) No organization, whether or not recognized by the administration of California State College, Dominguez Hills, will be allowed to disrupt any normally scheduled classes in any manner whatsoever.

"2) All activities of any sanctioned or unsanctioned organization which are held on the campus of California State College, Dominguez Hills, will be held at such a time and in such a way that they are in no way disruptive of any scheduled classes.

"3) Any boycott of any class for any reason will be the choice of the *individual* student. Any attempt by an individual or group to instigate a boycott shall be made in such a way and at such a time as will not be disruptive of the scheduled classes at California State College, Dominguez Hills.

"4) All equipment, either state-owned or privately-owned, such as public address systems, bull horns, etc., shall not be used at such a time and in such a way that it will be disruptive to the scheduled classes. . . .

"5) If at any time pressure is exerted upon the administration and faculty for the purpose of interrupting scheduled classes through a boycott or 'suspension' of classes for whatever reason, the administration will officially and publicly forbid the faculty to discontinue any scheduled class, and take immediate punitive measures against those faculty members who voluntarily break their contract with the students, even to the extent of dismissal. . . . However, the administration should encourage faculty discussions of any immediate problems presented by any individual or group, but these discussions will be scheduled at such a time that they do not in any way disrupt any scheduled classes. . . .

"6) Any future decision for mass student action, such as a boycott or a compliance with the suspension of any classes for whatever reason, will be the individual decision of each student in each class. If *one* person demands his class, the instructor is legally bound to function in the capacity for which he is paid.

"7) When injustices such as the recent usurpation and abuse of the civil and personal rights of the students at California State College, Dominguez Hills, occur in the future, we, the Students for Education, will take the initiative in seeing that these injustices are publicized. . . ."

Every university and college in this land ought to adopt some such policy as that outlined above—indeed, as a matter of course. The "demands" of Students for Education are not calculated to usurp authority, but simply to obtain their contractual right of being instructed in a regular manner, free from fantastic interruption and intimidation by "student" gangs of fanatics and psychotics.

One might assume that any college administration would welcome the "demands" of so sensible a group as SFE. But it was not so at Dominguez Hills. The well-written Newsletter of SFE describes the marked hostility with which the college's administrators received the representatives of these students. Who were these vexatious, earnest young scholars, to muddy the waters by demands for law and order?

"What civil rights, what personal rights, were denied?" the president's assistant asked the SFE people. "Can you set them forth. . . . Can you list what rights were denied?"

To which SFE officer, Joanne Link, replied: "To an education."

Dr. Robert M. Bersi, assistant to the president, seemed surprised: "To an education?"

"Don't we have a right to an education?" said Miss Link, unawed.

"Do you?" replied Dr. Bersi.

"At a state college?" Miss Link returned.

"Where is this set forth? In what statute?" quoth Dr. Bersi.

WELL, DEAR ASSISTANT to the president of California State College, Dominguez Hills, if you really don't know, you might ask the chancellor of the California state colleges, or the governor of your state, to fill that vacuum in your mind. For any student duly enrolled at a state college, having paid his fees, does enjoy a right—enforceable at law—to the fulfillment of this contract: that is, a right to regular instruction, free from the disruption of fanatics. The members of SFE know this, and they have engaged lawyers to obtain such enforcement of the educational contract.

Those who would like to know more about SFE and the Dominguez Hills controversy—still boiling—can write to the chief publicist and prime mover of SFE: Miss Barbara S. Leach, P. O. Box 522, Hawthorne, California. But send her a stamped envelope addressed to yourself; for SFE receives no subsidies from Peking or Havana. All SFE possesses is the support of those students who wish to learn something—and right reason. □

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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

LIQUOR'S DANDY, TOO

IT IS NOT GENTEEL, I know, to weave around at a party, glass in hand, greeting middle-aged women with a benevolent "halloh baby." But this sort of jolliness is infinitely preferable, and I use these words deliberately, to the frosty events of my Roman childhood which were called *Ricevimenti*. These receptions, truly traumatic experiences, convinced me as soon as I set foot on American soil, that there is a lot, if not everything, to say for Scotch, bourbon, rye, gin, vodka et al., including concoctions called oh so rightly "What the Hell" and "Fallen Angel" (culled from the *Esquire Drink Book* which is one of the best of its kind). The fire of these strong waters melts the ice between strangers which, after all, is the purpose of a party. I can't think of any other way of doing this, especially among those unfortunate Americans with a Puritan background. But, as you will see in a moment, even the allegedly hot-blooded Latins, on occasion, would have profited from a wee drop. And don't think what I will tell you relates only to the Rome of my youth. No sir; this year I went to an Italian reception and nothing had changed; the Cardin-suited gents and the miniskirted ladies were just as vapid as their fathers and mothers had been in their day.

The true purpose of a *ricevimento* was (and is) to show how elegant one could be, how cultured, how spiritual, how above the carnal pleasures of food and drink, and even of the body—for the flirting that went on was languid and insipid beyond description. In this category, all the *ricevimento* was good for was a look at the talent, to be followed up under more auspicious circumstances. There were afternoon *ricevimenti*, but the ones I remember particularly took place between nine and midnight. At that time, the guests were supposed to have satisfied their hunger at their own dinner-tables, so that not much would be needed in the way of refreshments. And not much was served either, for that matter, though it was served with elegance.

First, black coffee was handed around by the hired waiters who were the trademark of a proper *ricevimento*. They wore white gloves and looked worldly and cynical, which was not surprising considering the sights they must have seen in the course of their work. Next, Marsala, Strega and other sweet liqueurs arrived in tiny glasses for the ladies. The gentlemen were offered vermouth and, in advanced circles such as my father's (though not in that of my relatives), whisky, that is Scotch and soda, albeit without ice, as well as brandy. These drinks were meant to be sipped, not downed, and if a man got more than two under his belt, in a couple of hours, he was exceptionally lucky. Nor were the drinks strong—anything but. The choice of whisky showed that one was internationally minded, after all, and this attitude has not changed to this day on the Continent, where whisky, gin et al. are *très* snob drinks, and nothing more.

As for the ladies, they would have thought it sinful to have more than one, and, maybe just maybe, if they were daring, two thimble-sized glasses of liqueur. For their benefit, small cakes and petit fours, all tiny in size, made the rounds elegantly displayed on embroidered doilies on silver trays. The moral character of a lady was not suspect if she stuffed herself on sweets, as it would have been had she sneaked three liqueurs. Not that it would have been easy. There were not enough of them, for reasons of elegance and economy—motives irresistible to most Roman hostesses. However, the ladies could compensate a little from the scores of *bonbonnières* that stood around, filled with chocolates, sugared almonds and fancy candy. Any self-respecting Italian family accumulates an appalling number of these, since they are elegant, desirable presents, though of little use. The memory of the painted, gilded, scrolled and generally tortured china, glass and silver *bonbonnières*, in every possible and impossible shape, from basket to putto, shell to cupped-hand, all empty, all not to be touched because of their precious beauty, still sends shudders of hate through me now as it did then.

Another feature of the *ricevimenti* of my youth were the rented cakes. Honorbound, I must say that this practice is no more, no doubt because of the present affluent mood of Roman *ricevimento* society. But in those days in Rome, it was possible to rent a number of showy cakes from a *pâtisserie*. These were masterworks of spun-sugar, butter-cream sculpture, and even of the art of painting whole, moonlight scenes with a brush dipped in liquid chocolate. *Facevano un'ottima figura*, they made an excellent impresson on anybody's party buffet. A small rental fee was charged on these cakes for the evening, but the host only paid *in toto* for those that had actually been cut. At the end of the *ricevimento*, the caterer took them back, no doubt to rent them out again the next day.

THUS AN AMBITIOUS HOSTESS could be very elegant at a small cost. Some of the more frugal ones watched the rented cakes with fear in their eyes lest a guest should demand a slice of this or that one, thus ruining the chances of returning the whole cake. It was said that if you disliked your hostess, the best way to spite her was to ask for a tiny slice of each cake that looked as if it had been rented.

Since it is impossible to fill a whole evening with looking at what the others wear, and with the ineffable gentility of everybody's behavior, you can imagine the liveliness of these occasions. The talk was so languid and inane that an angel would have tip-toed away, wings pressed to his eyes and ears.

Any wonder that I am for the noble multitude of noble spirits that make American parties the best I know? □

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Like an Excellent Stew

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

A Long Row of Candles, Memoirs and Diaries (1934-1954)
By C. L. Sulzberger
Macmillan, $12.50

A Long Row of Candles is like an excellent stew; plenty of good chewy meat, an assortment of vegetables that bring variety in taste, consistency and color, all resting in and drawing flavor from a well-seasoned gravy. What you eat is the meat and vegetables but without the gravy it wouldn't be a stew. Well, the meat and vegetables in *A Long Row of Candles* positively swim in the gravy. The book runs 1,027 pages (for this one I'd like to be paid by the ounce; it weighs over four pounds). What Sulzberger has put together are the extensive notes he took over nearly fifteen years, first as WW II roving correspondent for the *New York Times*, then as chief foreign correspondent for the *Times* based in Paris, ending in September of 1954 ("Here I put semicolon to these memoirs") when he becomes a three-times-a-week columnist for the *Times* at the death of Anne O'Hare McCormick ("No one could hope to fill Anne's shoes but somebody had to fill her space," comments Mr. Sulzberger, not ordinarily a modest man). Sulzberger did cut down these diary entries by about two-thirds before publishing them. He would have produced a more manageable book had he been even more brutal in his culling, but then the gravy would have been sacrificed. We'd never hear how King Zog of Albania (remember him?), having commissioned an assassination, had to send an assassin's assassin to silence the assassin, and then an assassin's assassin's assassin. . . . That "even members of the Politburo snickered when they saw themselves represented in this ridiculous picture [Joseph E. Davies' *Mission to Moscow*]," or that James Van Fleet almost didn't make it to general because Marshall had him hopelessly confused with a problem drinker called Van Vliet. Not serious history maybe, but good fun.

THE FIRST TWO hundred odd pages of *Candles* are Sulzberger's autobiography up to the time he went to work for "Uncle Arthur's" *New York Times*. After Harvard, he did a stint for the United Press (as who hasn't, earning, like the rest of those who have, two munificent $2.50 raises), went to Europe where Eduard Benes advised him, if he wanted to be a foreign correspondent, to concentrate on the Balkans—because no one else did. His account in the earlier part of this work of his travels and adventures, girl-chasing, drinking, landing in jail, of the courtship and marriage of his Greek wife, could be a book in itself, a more up-to-date *Roving Commission*.

In 1938, realizing that war was upon the Western world (he quotes Churchill after Munich: "England has been offered a choice between war and shame. She has chosen shame and will get war"), Sulzberger made a deal with UP: he would go on the UP payroll at $75 per week from the day hostilities broke out until two weeks after armistice. Uncle Arthur eventually bettered that offer, which is why Sulzberger ended up covering the war for the *Times*.

But it is not his wartime reporting that is Sulzberger's best. His interest is in diplomacy; the interplay of personalities, forces and ideologies. And this is where *A Long Row of Candles* is most illuminating and will serve as a documentary for future historians. Sulzberger's eye is sharp; his opinion strong. Some impressions. Of King George of Greece: "If he were not a king, he would be the kind of fellow people call upon at the last minute to fill up a dinner party. . . ." Of MacArthur, whom he was disposed to dislike: "He has a very easy, winning and engaging manner. Without any doubt his personality makes one of the most charming first impressions I have ever encountered." (Later, General Gruenther confessed to Sulzberger that he, too, had been won over by MacArthur: " 'How long did it take you to get in his pocket?' Al asked me. 'About thirty seconds.' 'Oh,' Al sneered, 'it was about thirty minutes for me.' ") On the George Meanys (here is Sulzberger at his snobbish worst): "Although Mr. and Mrs. Meany still talk like a plumber and his wife, they look and dress more like big business. She was wearing a mink cape."

On Harold Stassen: "At that time [1945] he made a very dreary impression on me and I didn't like him. . . . He has made a very sad impression all over again [1951]. He has a face like a baby pig and seemed to make nothing but banal remarks. He is not suffering from any overwhelming modesty either." On Ilya Ehrenburg: "When I went over to chat with him he gave me a disdainful fishy stare. Obviously it is not the chic thing to speak to Americans now, and he goes with the wind." On John J. McCloy (U.S. High Commissioner in Germany): "He [Adenauer] pulled plenty of wool over McCloy's eyes but that is not a very difficult task because McCloy is not as bright as he thinks he is." On James Bryant Conant, who replaced McCloy: "I have a horrible feeling that the more I see him and the better I get to know him, the more depressed I am going to be."

WHAT IS EVEN more interesting are the *aperçus*, the very substantial meat and vegetables, when presidents, generals, cabinet officials and politicians comment about each other, and affairs. Sulzberger was a close personal friend of General Eisenhower. He met him during the North African campaign and became an intimate in Paris when

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Eisenhower was at SHAPE. They played golf and bridge together and Ike talked freely to Sulzberger. Among Ike's views is this astonishing comment on Robert A. Taft (the year before their Chicago convention battle):

> [Eisenhower said] Taft was a very stupid man. He might have a memory—that, the general did not pretend to know—but he had no intellectual ability, nor any comprehension of the issues of the world. Eisenhower had talked with him several times and saw how little Taft was able to grasp the basic problems. . . . Eisenhower said he would not place his trust in Taft as a man; Taft's own record showed how weak and confused he was.

Eisenhower also told Sulzberger that he had refused to integrate troops during the war because "it is not the role of any army to spearhead any social reform and any American general who conceived his duties as such should be fired." It was Eisenhower's belief that the most disastrous decision taken by United States policymakers was to "abandon Chiang Kai-shek because he refused to allow any Communists in his government," to which CLS adds the comment: "An oversimplified view, indeed! say I." Sulzberger also reveals that Eisenhower blamed Churchill for the division of Germany. According to Ike, Churchill had no faith in the Normandy invasion, didn't believe allied armies could push east as fast as they did. "If Churchill had had confidence in Eisenhower's armies," CLS writes, "the line dividing Germany between east and west would have moved much nearer to the Elbe or on the Elbe itself." This could have been *parti pris* in that Eisenhower is widely blamed for the American failure to push on towards Berlin in the spring of 1945.

SULZBERGER CONFIRMS that America ceded to Britain the responsibility for the eastern Mediterranean in exchange for support of the policy of unconditional surrender which FDR felt would help him win the 1944 election. He reports on how Stalin and Churchill went about the task of dismemberment in 1943:

> This [their plan] foresaw that in Rumania the Russians would have 90 per cent authority, the "other allies" 10 per cent; in Bulgaria, the Russians would have 75 per cent and "the others" 25 per cent; in Hungary and Yugoslavia the split would be fifty-fifty. In exchange, Britain (plus the United States) would have a 90 per cent hold in Greece and the Russians only 10 per cent.

Instructive in view of Vietnam today. As it turned out, the 90 and 75 per cent Russia was to have in Rumania and Bulgaria and the 50 per cent in Hungary were soon translated into a neat 100 per cent while, in flagrant contradiction of his pledge, Stalin supported a Communist guerrilla operation that, except for the Truman intervention, would have turned Greece into still another Soviet satellite.

Sulzberger quotes Truman on Stalin as follows:

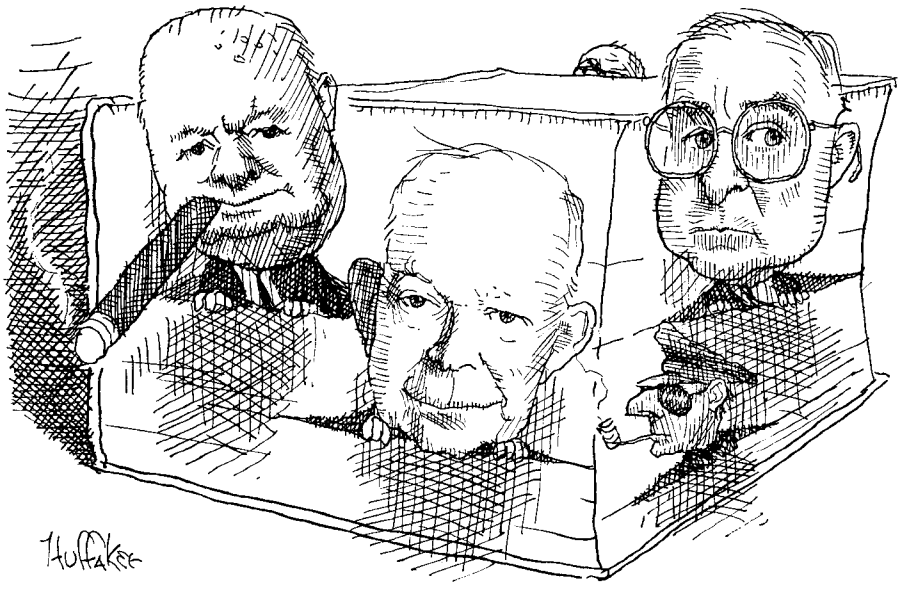
> Stalin made a number of agreements with me [Truman] at Potsdam in 1945. He was very amiable and easy to deal with. But since Potsdam, Stalin has broken every single one of these agreements. Maybe it's not his fault. After all, he is only secretary of the Politburo and has his troubles with the other thirteen members just the way I have trouble here with my Cabinet and the Congress.

Comments Sulzberger: "This seems a rather simple-minded statement."

And on: the Western betrayal of Mihailovíc and General Anders, the incredible fact that when America agreed to provide planes for an emergency airlift to Dienbienphu in April of 1954, French Defense Minister René Pleven said the operation could not start until mid-May "because it would interfere with the vacation schedule of the pilots." (Dienbienphu fell on May 8, but we never hear of it from Sulzberger because by then he is in Bled, Yugoslavia and writing of his experiences there—which is one failing in the diary format.) We learn too the fact that two members of the Stern gang arrived at Sulzberger's house in Cairo one night in July of 1948 and informed him that they intended to assassinate Count Bernadotte and members of his UN commission. (Sulzberger's immediate reaction was to take them upstairs. He awakened a young man asleep in a bed and told the terrorists: "This is my brother-in-law. He works for the UN and I don't want him murdered by mistake; he's not important enough. . . . Remember his face.") Bernadotte was killed two months later despite the warning.

A LONG ROW OF CANDLES is long. There are sections, long sections, I found of only marginal interest. Many of the major items in four hundred pages of the book are about the rearmament of Germany and the European Defense Community. This was of major interest to those he frequented most regularly: Harriman, David Bruce, Chip Bohlen, George Kennan, Adenauer, Eisenhower, Churchill, Jules Moch.

Who today remembers the EDC, and the controversy surrounding it? It has faded as far into the past as the multilateral NATO navy of a season or so ago, but it was the burning question in the Europe of the late Forties and early Fifties and enlightening in what it reveals of the thinking of the major figures of that era. Sulzberger has hangups on Robert Taft, Joe McCarthy, Clare Boothe Luce and Walter Lippmann. But by and large he reports it as he sees it. This is the working journal of a working journalist. And I, for one, confess that even 1,027 pages later I was sorry to come across that final "semicolon." □



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FICTION

Ada, or Ardor: A Family Chronicle
By Vladimir Nabokov
McGraw-Hill, $8.95

A STORY STRANGE AND WEIRD

GUY DAVENPORT

All happy families are more or less dissimilar; all unhappy ones are more or less alike, says a great Russian writer in the beginning of a famous novel (Anna Arkadievitch Karenina, *transfigured into English by R. G. Stonelower, Mount Tabor, Ltd., 1880*).

Thus begins the new Nabokov. The luckless Mr. Stonelower got it exactly backwards; the opening sentence of *Anna Karenina* is "All happy families resemble each other, each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way." And as for that *Arkadievitch* inserted pedantically and disastrously into the title, it should be *Arkadievna*—daughter of Arkadiy, not son of. Assuming, of course, that Arkadiy was her father's name (which I doubt, and despair of finding out). Who was R. G. Stonelower, so appallingly unequipped to translate Tolstoy that he doesn't know a masculine patronymic from a feminine, and achieves in the first sentence the opposite of what Tolstoy wrote? But perhaps it doesn't matter, as Nabokov immediately assures us that *this* family chronicle has nothing to do with *Anna Karenina*. It does resemble, he says, another work of Tolstoy's, *Detstvo i Otrochestvo* (*Childhood and Fatherland*, Pontius Press, 1858). Did R. G. Stonelower do that one, too? *Otrochestvo* means "boyhood," not "fatherland." By this time we are not certain in just what way our leg is being pulled.

The entire text, all 589 pages, is similarly odd. On page 542, for instance, we have: " 'Space is a swarming in the eyes, and Time a singing in the ears,' says John Shade, a modern poet, as quoted by an invented philosopher ('Martin Gardner') in *The Ambidextrous Universe*, page 165." Now John Shade is an invented modern poet (by Nabokov in *Pale Fire*, a novel slightly less maddening than *Ada*), and Martin Gardner is the real name of the very real author of *The Ambidextrous Universe*, on page 165 of which you will not find the quotation from John Shade. It's on page 168. I have a distinct feeling, utterly free of paranoia, that that wrong page number was given with malicious deviltry. I wish I could believe in R. G. Stonelower, and Dr. Ero, said to be a character in one of the greatest English novels (page 203), and in Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Oranger (said to be real and alive at the time of publication), but there is a bald patch in the backyard in which I am trying to get bluegrass to rise and flourish, and my model of the *HMS Beagle* still lacks its mizzen t'gallant staysail; life is altogether too short.

NABOKOV has over the years been writing a novel; every version of it has proved to be wonderfully readable to everybody except its author, who apparently cannot rest until he has written it just so. The ideal blueprint of this novel stipulates that a man of intelligence and enterprise sets out to possess some delectable portion of his universe, usually elusive. He lays his traps; he has his successes. Then Nabokov the nihilist begins to lift away the disguises as deftly as Old Scratch himself (*retro me!*) shedding his mitre and chasuble just when he has a saint of great innocence in a very tight corner. The Nabokovian universe is one totally empty of meaning. It is a hell of the senses in which all fleshly delights wither in their own repetition. It is a labyrinth in which all turns lead to self-mocking defeat.

Sample this passage: "Aqua used to say that only a very cruel or very stupid person, or innocent infants, could be happy on Demonia, our splendid planet. Van felt that for him to survive on this terrible Antiterra, in the multicolored and evil world into which he was born, he had to destroy, or at least maim for life, two men." (This is the beginning of Chapter 42, page 301). Van is the novel's protagonist. Aqua is his mother (perhaps); her surname means *stupid* in Russian. His father is named De-

RANDOM NOTES

■ NEW ENTERPRISES: After years of having its occasional books distributed by other publishers, *American Heritage* launches its own book division, American Heritage Press, this year. Among the colorful coffee-table things are Mary Cable's *American Manners and Morals* ($14.95), *The Horizon History of China* by Charles P. Fitzgerald and *The Horizon Book of the Arts of China* ($16.95 each), *Jewelry through the Ages* by Guido Gregorietti ($14.95) and *The Confident Years*, Francis Russell's history of America's rise to world power 1865-1917 ($14.95). (All coming in the fall; most available in deluxe boxed editions for $2-3 extra; all prices to advance after December 31.)

First regular trade books are *The Exotics*, 22 profiles by Morris Bishop of such as Amelia Bloomer and that pothead of the 1830s, Fitz Hugh Ludlow (July, $6.95), and Jacques Soustelle's *The Long March of Israel*, written during his exile from France (September, $6.95). The company plans two series: "Library of the Twentieth Century," color-illustrated monographs, starting with Constantine FitzGibbon's *Out of the Lion's Paw*, about the Irish Uprising of 1916 and A. J. P. Taylor's study of the coming of World War I, *War by Timetable* (Fall, $3.95 each); also "Giants of Literature," monographs with pictures, excerpts from the giants' works, bibliographies, of which the first are Cervantes and Dante (September, $3.95 each). American Heritage Press will also offer children's books and such miscellanea as *The American Heritage Songbook* (August, $7.95) and *American Heritage Crosswords* (September, $2.95).

Richard W. Baron, former president of Dial Press, has struck out on his own; his first list offers a cookbook, some Russian underground poetry, and lots and lots of black nationalism: lead title is Julius Lester's *Revolutionary Notes*, reprinted from the *Guardian* ($5.95). . . . *Hard Times*, the Kopkind-Ridgeway muckraking sheet that started out as *Mayday*, is doing book projects in cooperation with World Publishers; the first such effort is Tom Hayden's *Rebellion and Repression* (October, $4.95). . . . Another new firm, Harper's Magazine Press, debuts with a lengthy study of Orson Welles by film critic Peter Bogdanovich. . . . And Volume I of the *New York Times* History of Our Times series is Cabell Phillips' *From the Crash to the Blitz 1929-1939* (Macmillan, October, $12.50). There will be three more volumes, one per decade.

■ AMONG THE NOVELISTS: A young man experiments with hallucinogenic drugs against a Cornwall backdrop, in Daphne DuMaurier's *The House on the Strand* (Doubleday, September). . . . *Sanctuary V*, Budd Schulberg's first in ten years, is about a Caribbean country in revolution (World, October, $6.95). . . . Erskine Caldwell's umpteenth, *The Weather Shelter*, is full of oversexed Southern horse-breeders (World, August, $5). . . . The new Alistair MacLean, *Puppet on a Chain*, concerns an Amsterdam drug ring (Doubleday, November).

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mentiy, and is called Demon for a nickname. His sister, his love for whom is the occasion of the murders (or maiming) above, is the Ada of the title. *Ad* is the Russian for hell.

The plot of *Ada* is, at first glance, a love story between half-brother and half-sister lasting a good seventy years, childless, childish, emotionally sterile, selfish and astoundingly stupid. One's second and third glances begin to sink into as decadent a hothouse Arcadia as the world has seen since the heyday of Jorel Karl Huysmans and Gabriele D'Annunzio. Unlike Lolita, Ada is something of a frump, a sort of Persephone who, far from being raped by the Prince of Darkness, gives him the wink and shows him a bit of hip.

THIS STRANGE and pointless story is told in prose measled over with puns, anagrams, Freudian slips, *mots à double entente*, wisecracks, Joyceanisms, idle word-play and snares for the foolhardy pedant. Mr. Nabokov, late professor at Cornell, is aware that American graduate students track things through texts, and submit their chloroformed results to a yawning faculty and receive therefor, at a ceremony of solemnest pomp and uplifting speeches, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. From *Ada* alone the Republic can (and will) be enriched with six volleyball teams of Ph.D.s. "Allusions to Yevgeny Onyegin in *Ada*," "Time and Geography . . .," "The Role of Dr. Ero . . .," and on up the wall.

Reading *Ada* is nonetheless an experience, something like an erotic nightmare with bucolic *adagio* passages of eerie beauty. For sheer naughtiness there is nothing else in the running, and for peculiarity of tone it is unique. Mr. Nabokov is a connoisseur of fanatics, especially of fanatics in pursuit of illusions. This may be the ultimate study of the fanaticism which he has treated so well before. The human heart longs; it is dying and what it longs for is dying too, and earlier. Looked at dispassionately, human life, as Mr. Nabokov sees it, is as gaudy and brief as that of the butterflies he chases when he isn't writing novels. Instinct twitches before stimulus, the seasons come and go, time is a ringing in the ears. What Mr. Nabokov is writing so brilliantly about, I can't venture to say, except to marvel at the strange emptiness of his vision.

Meanwhile, I must go see if the bluegrass is coming up, and look in on the checker-game down at Nanny Montgomery's. □

The Protest of a Troubled Protestant
By Harold O. J. Brown
Arlington House, $5.95

HERE'S TO YOU, BISHOP ROBINSON

M. STANTON EVANS

According to publicists for the "new theology," the Protestant churches of the West are these days in an era of revitalizing change. The insights of Luther and Calvin, it is said, are to

be updated and made "relevant." Anglican Bishop John A. T. Robinson suggests, in fact, that we may be experiencing a "new reformation"—with all that such a label implies for Protestants in terms of spiritual advance.

The stated purpose of Bishop Robinson's two-thousand-year checkup is to overhaul and fine-tune the Christian religion, to make it acceptable to the mental habits of modernity. To this end, he and other more radical reformers have urged the Protestant churches to rid themselves of "supranaturalism," emphasis on Scripture, old-fashioned moral taboos, and even—in some versions—such notions as the divinity of Christ and the existence of God.

By dropping these dogmas and plunging into social action, we are told, a church grown feeble and fatuous with age may yet renew itself. Harold O. J. Brown, whose writings in this connection are familiar to readers of NATIONAL REVIEW, sees the question otherwise. Far from invigorating Protestantism, Brown says, the new theologists are draining the churches of religious truth. Instead of updating the Reformation message, they are corrupting it. Their preachments are not a source of life for Protestant belief, but a sign of its impending death.

Brown's thesis is that while Protestant liberals claim to be speaking for the church to the world, they are in fact speaking for the world within the church. The Robinsons and Fletchers and Altizers, along with many clergymen and ecclesiastical bureaucrats, are simply telling the church to submit itself to the prevailing mood and existing relation of forces, to seek approval and popularity among secularists, agnostics and even atheists by throwing Christian principle overboard.

Whatever else one may say about such counsel, Brown argues, it has nothing in common with the essential teachings of Luther and Calvin. The distinctive emphases of Protestant Christianity are the conflict between divine injunction and the sinful practice of the world, the inwardness of religious inspiration, and the sufficiency of individual faith (rather than "action" of whatever kind) to the attainment of salvation. Point for point, the teachings of the "new theology" are not merely a refinement or alteration of this doctrine, but a complete inversion of it.

BROWN IS OBVIOUSLY CORRECT. To proof-text the matter from Luther alone, and that very briefly, we need only note that the theses of Wittenberg attack the worldly idea that remission of sins could be secured through the purchase of indulgences; the *Freedom of a Christian* denounces Rome for asserted materialism; the *Pagan Servitude of the Church* concludes with a couplet from Coelius Sedelius: "He who doth heavenly kingdoms grant/ Thine earthly realms can never want." Rejection of secular values as criteria of spiritual truth runs through the whole of Luther's writings.

As for Bishop Robinson's suggestion that Christianity should make itself congenial to the world, Luther replies: "The world is God's enemy." Concerning the bishop's notion that the church must bend its doctrine in order to flatter a non-Christian majority, Luther rejoins: "Do not look to the multitude

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and to the common practice, for, have no doubt, there are few Christians on earth; and God's word is something very different from the common practice." That warning is even more applicable today than it was in the sixteenth century.

We live in an epoch which, by common acknowledgment, is shot through with paganism, dominated by powerful anti-Christian forces. We are besieged by militant atheism without and an increasingly fanatic secularism within. To note the rise of crime and violence, immoralism and disorder, pornography and perversion has become a journalistic commonplace. The suggestion that Christianity accept the values of *this* world is more than doctrinal error, or even sacrilege. It is a call for the annihilation of Christian precept.

The rewards for such surrender, in worldly terms, are great. Brown points out that any subtle doctor who can deliver himself of a situation ethic or "death of God" pontification is guaranteed a national audience, handsome book sales, and plenty of exposure on television talk shows. "Witnessing" against asserted injustice also wins acclaim—if it is an injustice duly certified as such by secular opinion. The 1968 World Council gathering at Uppsala "witnessed" against American involvement in Vietnam, but asked to be excused on the Soviet invasion of Prague. Celebrants of the world do not speak out for Christian justice, it seems, where material power and ideological conformity forbid.

SUBSTITUTION OF WORLDLY VALUES for religious ones is turning a large segment of organized Protestantism into a lapdog for the secular establishment, kept handy to sanctify political attitudes with pseudo-religious unction and to forestall religious criticism of overtly pagan practice. In effect, the church is changing sides. How far the transvaluation of values has proceeded may be seen in the pathetic readiness of many Protestant spokesmen to embrace or to justify the wildest species of impulse release—including everything from the use of drugs to homosexual practice. By their fruits ye shall know them.

Deterioration of belief is further evident in the "ecumenical" movement, which seeks to establish formal union of Christian churches at the expense of principle. Brown warns conservative Catholics against this tendency, stressing the fact that the secularists "dialoguing" with Rome do not represent the essentials of Protestant belief, and may transmit the Protestant affliction to the counsels of the Vatican. He suggests that the sort of religious communication required today is between orthodox Catholics and evangelical Protestants who hold in common the basic articles of Christian affirmation.

Brown does not minimize the doctrinal differences that subsist between conservative Protestants and Catholics. But he does make a compelling case that all those who share a belief in revealed truth, the authority of the Bible, and the necessity of opposing Christian faith to the worldliness of "new theology" or *aggiornamento* have urgent reason to concert their forces. In that endeavor his book will make useful reading for Protestants and Catholics alike. □

The Virginia Dynasties: The Emergence of "King" Carter and the Golden Age
By Clifford Dowdey
Little, Brown, $10

ORIGINS OF THE VIRGINIA DYNASTY

WILLIAM C. WOOLDRIDGE

The beginnings of the United States have a misleading quality of spontaneous generation, particularly in Virginia: after 150 years of confusing colonial history, suddenly a dozen or more men, whose names are still household words, made a nation. How a population that today would not fill two or three major stadiums produced such a generation has long remained a neglected mystery, overshadowed by the epic of the Revolution. *Fortes vixerunt ante Agamemnon*, but they lacked a bard, that is to say a historian who could give their own epic coherence, drama and continuity.

Clifford Dowdey has now undertaken to tell the story, and this first of two projected volumes traces the development of the governing class in Virginia down to about 1730. The amorphousness of the theme is its greatest difficulty, but the technique of a group biography that rapidly becomes a set of family histories, as the children and grandchildren of the dynastic founders intermarry, keeps the action down-to-earth. Robert "King" Carter's life (1663-1732) neatly spans the era, and receives the most detailed treatment. The greatest of the magnates, a man who owned a thousand slaves when ten represented substantial wealth, he provides an appropriate baseline to which the rest of the complicated story can be related.

The foundations are the simple biographical facts of a group of originally unconnected individuals. For the most part, these have long been familiar, though not in such detail on Carter himself. Dowdey's contribution is amassing them in the same place and highlighting the pattern that emerges. Thomas Stegg (William Byrd's uncle), Richard Lee I and John Carter I (King Carter's father) were attracted to the colony by mercantile ventures in the 1640s. William Byrd, William Fitzhugh and William Randolph arrived about 1670 and also rose with the success of their commercial undertakings. All the dynasties leaned heavily upon trade in their beginnings, hardly surprising in view of Virginia's colonial economy, but a particularly interesting contrast to the later generations' self-image as an immemorial, landed aristocracy. "Born to one of the amplest fortunes in the country," it is written of the engaging litterateur William Byrd II in his epitaph—which meant "his father, the son of a London goldsmith, had made a fortune as a frontier trader in anything from slaves to weapons for Indians."

THE ROLE of these individuals and families in the government of Virginia changed and gradually hardened over the years; their story is a political as well as a social history of the colony. Dowdey has organized the political narrative around the successive, fairly well defined stages of his protagonists' status as an aristocracy. Besides avoiding the monotonous and unenlightening chronicle of one gubernatorial administration after another, characteristic of so many colonial histories that aspire to be more than monographs, this approach contributes special insights of its own, for the politics of the colony make better sense in relation to the lives of a dozen or so of its leading citizens than as a function of the personality and policy of the particular deputy governor whom accident cast in Jamestown or Williamsburg.

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Bacon's Rebellion of 1676, when the governor governed and the dynasts had yet to attain real political power, Dowdey treats as a well-remembered lesson to the rising generation: the danger of a rule too narrowly self-centered. The dynasts avoided the difficulty by identifying the colony's interests with their own and themselves with the colony; they were first of all Virginians and this became the new aristocracy's salient characteristic. There is little new said about the Rebellion, but it provides a useful anchor for the rest of the narrative.

THE FULL revelatory power of the history of a group of families is achieved in the chapters treating the period from about 1695 to 1710. Many casual historians feel that something transformed the colonies around 1700, so much so that by 1710 each thought of itself as a complete body politic rather than as an appendage of the trunk represented by England. Dowdey may offer a large part of the explanation in his demonstration that in the years around the turn of the century the oligarchy "took root"—that is, it added politics to the entrepreneurship that previously monopolized its energy, and thereby achieved "the reality of power." Robert "King" Carter became a Councilor in 1700, and soon formed a bloc of native-born Virginians whose resistance to the governor took a very different form, with a very different result, from that of the colonists who had followed Nathaniel Bacon. The author has succeeded in reducing to tangible, biographical and political facts, what has been for many a merely subjective impression of fundamental change in the colonies.

By the time King Carter died, the aristocracy had enjoyed power long enough—not so very long—to take it for granted, to exercise it as a prerogative rather than an attainment. For Carter's generation, self-government was a hotly contested fact; in a matter of years, after the contest was won, it became an assumed right. So, Dowdey says, Robert Carter made Thomas Jefferson possible; the fact had to be achieved before it could be claimed as a right. It will be interesting to watch this theme worked out in the second volume, but the first should not be relegated to preface, for it stands in its own right as the only really comprehensible history of a powerful generation. □

RECORDS

THE MR. CLEAN OF JAZZ

NEIL McCAFFREY

Every time I do a jazz column, *NR*'s C. H. Simonds has an attack of stomach distress. As an unapologetic member of the Then generation, I am guilty of finding the Rolling Scum resistible. But what do you know, a recent *Cash Box* editorial admits that we fogies may have something to tell the Now crowd: "Nostalgia in the form of disk throwbacks to the 1930s and 1940s may be the industry's next big success story." Poor Simonds. His legions are deserting him. Remember, you read it first in *NR*, a year before the Super-Ins at *Cash Box* got the message.

As I write these lines, a soundtrack album by W. C. Fields (Decca DL 79164) is pushing its way up the charts. (Bill Fields would like that. Any man who elbows aside the kids' albums can't be all bad.) The novelty of the decade is *Themes Like Old Times* (Viva V 36018), ninety program introductions from just about every radio show you can remember from 1930 to 1950.

On the jazz scene, the kicks are not only nostalgic. Twice in recent months I've left my heart at the Plaza 9, the new jazz room in Manhattan's most gracious hotel: because twice I've heard the great Red Norvo dominating a half-dozen old pros called the Newport Jazz All-Stars. What's more, I noticed a few couples listening intelligently who I bet weren't a day older than Simonds. Red Norvo is all the proof you need that a gentleman can play jazz. I've never met the man. But having seen or heard him in person perhaps twenty times since 1942, having known his records, retrospectively, since his first in 1932, having known a friend of his, and having just read Whitney Balliett's acute profile in the *New Yorker*, I almost feel I know him. Balliett calls Norvo "an immaculate and indispensable jazz musician." I wish I'd said that.

Norvo took a comic vaudeville instrument, the xylophone (he switched to its electrified cousin, the vibraharp, in the mid-Forties), and made it respectable. Over 37 years, I can say of him what I can say of only one other jazzman, George Van Eps: I've never heard him play a bad solo. He is Mr. Good Taste. Ebullient and friendly on the bandstand, with an air of surprise and delight at what he and his colleagues are playing, Red Norvo is the Mr. Clean of jazz.

NOW HE IS the subject of one of the distinguished albums in jazz history, *Red Norvo and His All-Stars, 1933-38* (Epic EE 22010). The album falls neatly into three parts. The first four tracks, from 1933, feature Norvo with a rhythm section and, alternately, either Jimmy Dorsey or Benny Goodman. Three of the tunes are Norvo originals, the fourth Bix Beiderbecke's exotic

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piano composition, "In a Mist." Debussy was the favorite of the Thinking Jazz Musician back in the early Thirties. Here is how Debussy might have sounded had he lived another quarter-century, and discovered *good* jazz. (All Debussy ever knew of our music was ragtime.)

THE BULK OF THE ALBUM is given over to eight tunes recorded in late 1934 and early 1935 with three pickup groups justly labeled all-star. They exude class. It's hard to single out superstars. Artie Shaw, with three of his earliest solos, serves notice that his lyricism will keep Goodman on his toes for the next decade. Jack Jenney, presaging the style that would win him fame on his own version of "Stardust" and later on Artie Shaw's, blows eloquent trombone on "I Surrender, Dear," Norvo's own haunting "The Night Is Blue," and Will Hudson's "With All My Heart and Soul." Teddy Wilson on piano and George Van Eps on guitar play tastefully, if too briefly.

But the heroes of these sessions, apart from Norvo, may be Bunny Berigan and Chu Berry. This was Berigan's golden age. Later he would make a name with his solos on Tommy Dorsey's "Marie" and "Song of India" and his own "I Can't Get Started." These fall, ironically, into his silver age. From about 1931 through 1935, Berigan was at the peak of his powers, and he has never played better than on these eight tracks. Warm, relaxed, fertile, swinging, master of his horn: this was before the booze began catching up. Around this time, the cats were calling Chu Berry "Little Hawk." If the nickname meant to suggest that Berry sounded like the daddy of the jazz tenor sax, Coleman Hawkins, it was ludicrous. If it meant that Chu ranked behind the Hawk—well, permit a minority vote.

Chu Berry's ideas came in torrents, yet he always had them sorted out before they passed through his mouthpiece. He never seemed to work at his tone; it came out velvet anyway. (Comically, his own favorite saxophonist was Freddy Martin.) Chu's sense of swing was overpowering. He never knew a musical decline. Death claimed him in 1941 as he drove through the Ohio night to make a date with the Cab Calloway band, but the little round man left ten years of records that never age. Some of the best are here.

The third part of the album offers a sampling, brief but tasty, of the big band Norvo and wife Mildred Bailey ("Mr. and Mrs. Swing") had from mid-1936 to mid-1939. The Mildred Bailey three-record set (Columbia C3L-22), reviewed with appropriate enthusiasm in these pages several years ago by Ralph de Toledano, has much more of this stimulating band. But the four tracks here yield their treasures too. There are two characteristically marvelous Bailey vocals, on "A Porter's Love Song to a Chambermaid" and Duke Ellington's evergreen, "I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart." She was the first of the girl band singers; and, yes, the best.

What set the Norvo band off by itself were the arrangements of Eddie Sauter. Juilliard-trained and with musical tastes that complemented Norvo's, Sauter went widely unappreciated in those frenetic jitterbug years. But not by Benny Goodman. He lured Sauter from Norvo in mid-1939—and let the 24-year-old genius give his orchestra, unobtrusively, a brand new sound. (About which more in a future column. Meanwhile, try *Benny Goodman Presents Eddie Sauter Arrangements,* Columbia GL 523). With Goodman, Sauter had a bigger band to try his resources on, and better musicians. With Norvo's thin instrumentation (three or four reeds, four or five brass), Sauter had to fly low. Despite the limitations he worked under, the Sauter sounds can scare you even today. As part of the embarrassment of riches in this album, we are offered what I propose as the most underrated, the most adventurous instrumental of the early swing era, "Remember."

THE OLD IRVING BERLIN warhorse had been dusted off two years earlier, in 1935, by Goodman with a pleasant, conventional Fletcher Henderson chart. Sauter's is something else. First chorus: subtly, delicately voiced reeds; restrained trumpet by Stew Pletcher; brass, nicely shaded. Second chorus: exquisite Norvo answering a quiet reed phrase that Sauter uses to anchor the rest of the score. Third chorus: eight bars of wonderfully witty Herbie Haymer tenor sax, eight bars of Hank D'Amico's soaring clarinet, eight bars out with the brass wailing. *Nothing* wrong here; nothing at all. But, but—what if this majestic arrangement had been in the book of the powerful sixteen-man Goodman band of 1941, or the eighteen-man Woody Herman Herd of 1946?

Enough. After this album, we'd be greedy to ask for more. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE PORTUGAL STORY, *by John Dos Passos (Doubleday, $7.95).* The Portuguese, although an integral strand of Western civilization, have always had an oddly individualistic and self-contained attitude. Thus, it is fitting that John Dos Passos should be their chronicler. Aside from his Lusitanian heritage, Dos Passos has always gone his own way, whether or not the shifting tides of popular opinion buoyed or impeded him. Much the same can be said for Portugal. Perched on the toenail of Europe, the fusion of several overlapping cultures, the Portuguese have been singularly indifferent to the dictates of historical trends and/or world opinion. This is not only shown in the enlightened intransigence of Portugal regarding its African territories of Angola and Mozambique, but in the nature of the unique conglomerate which is modern Brazil. Dos Passos, who reshuffled the deck of American literature, has written this popular history in a pellucid, easy style. The narrative is chronological—from the meandering Celts of 1000 B.C. to the sunburst of exploration in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is not so much a labor of love (Dos Passos shows that some Portuguese, like Vasco da Gama, had nothing to learn from "savages" about barbarism) as a work of sympathetic understanding and selective pride. Of all European cultures, the Portuguese were—and are—the most indifferent to race. Their concept of supremacy is based on skill rather than skin; a useful reminder well traced by the author. Not only is *The Portugal Story* well written (after all, bad prose by Dos Passos is a contradiction in terms), but it is a fascinating account of extraordinary men—in those long-gone days when Europe was still vertebrate. J. D. KIRWAN

THE POET AND HER BOOK: *A Biography of Edna St. Vincent Millay, by Jean Gould (Dodd, Mead, $6.50).* A biographer insensitive enough to consent to the juxtaposition of her own photograph on the back cover of a jacket with the Arnold Genthe photograph of the lovely Miss Millay and the magnolia blossoms on the front might well produce a clod of a book, which she has done. The magic of Millay, like the magnolia blossoms delicate but hardy, eludes her. The "freshness" of the biography is the putative advantage of a view from the Sixties: "There is not so much difference between the Greenwich Village Peace Center today and the Liberal Club or the Provincetown Players of an earlier time that the young cannot 'relate' to the involvement in public issues as well as the personal feelings they find in Millay." Miss Gould is as tone deaf to the themes of the bohemian Twenties and the political Thirties as to the music of her protagonist. E. MERRITT

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CLOTHESLINES U.S.A. *by Helen Mather (Doubleday, $3.95).* Have the laundromat and the automatic home dryer killed that great American institution, the clothesline? Fearing the worst, the author set out across country to find out. Twelve thousand miles and hundreds of photographs later, she was reassured (and wiser: now she can look at a clothesline full of wash and deduce the family's composition, ethnic origin, occupation, etc.). Eighty-four of the photographs (all in color) and an anecdotal running commentary make up this pleasant little book of hitherto-ignored Americana. C. H. SIMONDS

LETTERS

(cont. from p. 677)

more to gain than we so far as purely technical information goes. But this would be balanced by previously unknown but very relevant knowledge of other sorts. It should not be forgotten that the Russians are considerably better at keeping secrets than we are. Compare the two space programs, for example. —JB

A Modest Proposal

James Burnham's article on the recent EC-121 incident [*NR*, May 20] raised a number of provocative possibilities pertinent to the national security. Specifically, Mr. Burnham seemed quite alarmed about the inability of the U.S. Government to act decisively in these matters. This indecisiveness was explained by most press pundits by our fear that any definite move could escalate into a nuclear war, and certainly this apprehension is reasonable. The U.S. is in a position akin to that of the karate master who can not slap his neighbor's unruly kid for fear of cracking the kid's head open and arousing the neighbor, who is also a karate master.

According to this analysis, Soviet Russia is in exactly the same position of powerlessness since it too is a nuclear power (karate master). But the U.S. seems to be at a disadvantage, due to the existence of North Korea. None of our allies seem to be as aggressive or cooperative as the North Koreans have proved to be. Thus the U.S. seems to be getting more than its share of harassment. Obviously, this situation could be remedied if we could find ourselves an ally such as North Korea, but this possibility seems remote. Instead of finding an ally, therefore, we must create a new one.

The most direct way to achieve this would be to allow Texas to secede from the Union. By temperament and ideological inclinations, Texans are ideally suited to the harassment of the Communist bloc. There are many possibilities for suitable actions. The Texas navy could be revived and used to seize Russian fishing trawlers off the U.S. coast. For every EC-121, we Texans could force down a Russian plane flying to Cuba. Perhaps if the U.S. tires of the Vietnam war, we could lend them a hand. It would be a safe wager that Texas could give the Kremlin quite a few headaches. Anyone knows one Texan is worth twenty North Koreans.

Washington, D.C. J. STEVEN SCHLATHER

No Armageddon . . .

Having just returned from an intensive trip through Israel, I find Daniel da Cruz's "On to Armageddon" [*NR*, April 8] an exercise in horror-mongering and little else. Obviously, he has not talked to Israeli military and civilian officials—or to non-official citizens of Israel—since the Six Day War. His sole "documentation" for the charge that Israel covets the Litani Valley in Lebanon is a fifty-year-old document of dubious relevance.

The facts, perhaps, are too simple for Mr. da Cruz to understand or accept, but they bear iteration.

1) Nowhere, among the responsible or irresponsible in Israel, can a single word be heard advocating any military adventures against Lebanon. The Israelis were, in fact, relieved that Lebanon did not enter the Six Day War, although Israeli armor could have penetrated to Beirut without any trouble.

2) The Israeli government did everything within its power to convince King Hussein to stay out of the June fighting. Through the United Nations and other middlemen, it reassured Jordan that it had no intention of moving into the West Bank territories. Israeli troops poured into Jewish Jerusalem and counter-attacked only when these troops attempted an invasion of Israeli territory.

It should be noted, parenthetically, that Jordan's only claim to the West Bank was by virtue of military conquest in 1948. The West Bank was part of the Palestine Mandate and promised to the Jews as part of their national homeland by the Balfour Declaration which Great Britain later betrayed. That conquest has been recognized by only two countries—Britain and Pakistan.

3) In his implied plea for the poor Arabs, Mr. da Cruz fails to note that many of them in the so-called "occupied territories" prefer Israeli rule to Jordanian occupation. Christian Arabs in Bethlehem, for example, were the targets of Moslem discrimination and some persecution—and many of them, including one Greek Orthodox priest, made it very clear to me that if they should be "returned" to Jordan, they would pick up and leave.

4) The Gaza Strip was also part of Palestine. Under the Egyptians, the Arab refugees were treated like concentration camp inmates. Under the Israelis, Arabs in Gaza can travel to the West Bank to visit relatives or go into Jordan—and return!

5) To hold the Arab countries blameless for the depredations of El Fatah is not only unrealistic but dishonest. The terrorists are being given sanctuary and allowed to plan their raids from Arab territory. They are also being encouraged and supported by the Arab countries. The purpose of the raid on the Beirut airport has been clearly stated—namely, to serve notice on the Arab countries that further attacks on El Al planes would be very expensive.

6) If Israel had the imperial designs which give Mr. da Cruz nightmares, she would by now have incorporated the West Bank into her territory. Yet what thoughtful Israelis propose is the creation of an independent Arab state which would cooperate with them and serve as a buffer against further Jordanian attack. To absorb the West Bank would create problems which the Israelis recognize, and responsibilities which they are not ready to assume.

7) The major aim of Israel's foreign policy is to arrive at a *modus vivendi* with the Arabs. If the Israelis wished to acquire more territory, they could easily respond to the daily provocations of Jordan and Egypt. It is convenient for Mr. da Cruz to forget that the June 1967 offensive resulted from an Egyptian act of war—the closing of the Strait of Tiran. It is even more convenient to ignore guarantees made to Israel in a letter from President Eisenhower in which passage through the strait, as well as through the Suez Canal, was guaranteed by the United States in exchange for Israeli withdrawal to her old borders in 1956.

Setting the facts on their ear is an interesting pastime for some, but Mr. da Cruz should do it more skillfully.

Washington, D.C. RALPH DE TOLEDANO

. . . and a Reply

Mr. Ralph de Toledano says I lack skill in horror mongering, the horror I monger being the claim that Israel covets Lebanon's Litani River valley.

He is absolutely right: the horror was second-hand. Here, first-hand, on Israel's aggressive, expansionist plans in general, we have:

Menachim Begin, Israeli Minister without Portfolio: "There will be no peace for Israel or the Arabs, even if they sign a peace treaty, unless we free the whole of our homeland." (Speech, April 7, 1950.)

David Ben Gurion, former Israeli Prime Minister: "The state has been established on a small part only of our true homeland." (*Israel Government Yearbook*, 1952, p. 15.)

Moshe Dayan, Israeli Minister of Defense: "It lies upon the Israeli army to carry on the fight with the ultimate objective of erecting the Israeli Empire." (Arabic Service, Radio Israel, February 12, 1952.)

Recent history (the capture of Sinai, Jordan's West Bank, etc.) having confirmed Israel's lust for the land of others, let us hear her plans for the Litani:

Theodor Herzl, founder of Zionism:

(Continues on page 713)

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LETTERS
(cont. from p. 711)

"The Northern frontier is to be the mountains facing Cappadocia [today's eastern Turkey]; the southern, the Suez Canal." (*The Diaries of Theodor Herzl.* [Here Herzl claims *all* Lebanon, not merely the Litani valley.])

Chaim Weizman, first President of Israel: "We traveled fairly extensively, crossing the Syrian border into Lebanon, and stopping off at some of the outpost settlements. Every hill and every rock stood out like a challenge to me at this time, telling me at every turn of the road how much planning and energy would have to be poured into this country before it could be ready to absorb large numbers of people." (*Trial and Error*, p. 313.)

"We did not know that France had designs on the Levant [i.e., Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, Palestine] and thought we could include the whole of that area in the Jewish National Home." (*Frontiers of a Nation*, p. 78.)

Messrs. Rothschild, Weizman, Jabotinsky et al.: "It is much to be regretted that we must abandon for the present all plans concerning the Litani." (*Karen Hayesod* [principal Zionist financial institution] *Manifesto*, 1921, p. 26.)

Yehuda Menon, Israeli Minister of Religious Affairs: "The boundaries of the Jewish State extend from the Euphrates to the Nile." (Speech to Karen Ha'emet, August 8, 1951.)

Yigael Allon, Israeli Army CIC in 1948: "Had Ben Gurion not ordered a ceasefire, our troops would have occupied the Litani River in the north, and the Sinai Desert in the south, and also liberated the whole of our homeland." (Israeli newspaper *Haboker*, March 1, 1964.)

Abba Eban, Israeli Foreign Minister: "We are not seriously thinking of the Nile or the Euphrates, but to the Jordan River and its sources in the North [i.e., in Syria and Lebanon] we must devote our most serious attention." (*Jerusalem Post*, May 2, 1951.)

If Mr. de Toledano doesn't trust these gentlemen—all honorable men—perhaps he will accept the word of an Old Testament prophet:

". . . the Lord spake unto Joshua, saying, 'Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you, as I said unto Moses. From the wilderness and this Lebanon even unto the great river, the river Euphrates, all the land of the Hittites, and unto the great sea toward the going down of the sun, shall be your coast. There shall not any man be able to stand before thee. . . .'" (*Joshua* 1:1-5.)

Israel, by the way, not only covets the Litani, but actually *claims* it as part of today's Eretz Israel (see map from *The New Israeli Atlas*, p. 76).

Ras Beirut, Lebanon DANIEL DA CRUZ

KEEFAUVER
(cont. from p. 691)

increased prejudice against me.

For whereas everybody else had put his (or her) hands in his shoes and his arms in his slacks, his feet in his gloves, and his legs in his coatsleeves, *I* had kept my hands in my gloves and my arms in my coatsleeves, and my feet in my shoes and my legs in my slacks—when *I* became an upsidedown man.

Not *them*. *They* were trying to fool themselves into believing that they had *not* become upsidedown men (and women).

That's when I got back on my feet. Not long after, the As-Is Blackpants paid me a visit, all walking on their hands of course, like everybody else in this upsidedown world; and I write this now just before the execution of my sentence.

JAMES M. CARDWELL

(*The writer's skeleton ended at the ankles. Apparently he had been befeeted.* —*Ed.*)

PHELPS
(cont. from p. 699)

specially despised, and which the Spelvins habitually unwind before an imaginary congressional committee, headed by Senator Nilly (Ind., Ind.). The wooziness is compounded by the vagueness of the Spelvins as characters: they display none of the fine points of even Ring Lardner's most loosely imagined people.

Yet, after all, it isn't Lardner with whom Pegler demands comparison and contrast, any more than with the great satirists of previous centuries; but rather, with another American artist who successfully channelized a sluggish-flowing river of black bile, who, sinuses droning like a fat, lethargic hornet, quietly proposed Boredom as content long before Miss Sontag had years or opportunity; who (and even now ahead of Ionesco and gaining!) celebrated the voluptuous inanities of speech, in monologues (often counter-pointed by the regular thuds of overcome dowagers) about how his pet snake rescued him from burglars by rattling for a constable; or, about a Negro midget named Major Moe, who once attacked him with a two-inch assagai sword . . .

But that other captious, eccentric, anxious and abrasively gifted man, W. C. Fields, worked in a freer, more accident-prone medium; he was capable, even in his last years, of conducting inspiriting tug-of-war with his audience, which he had defined, sculpted. Above all, he learned how to salvage that which he found worth salvaging of his identity; in a mask which seemed as obvious as a Los Angeles thoroughfare, but which produced the subtleties of an unhealthy summer.

Pegler's graces were the inmost vulnerabilities of his audience, rendered in chemically-unstable art. But around such an art, the public—which the writer never tried to overcome—could only give back, as refrain, the prophecy of Chesterton's *Lepanto*. The sky does grow darker. And the sea rises higher. □

COMTE
(cont. from p. 695)

Pompidou, not de Gaulle, who seemed to know what to do. But earlier, at the onset of the crisis, Pompidou's personal weakness had lent fuel to the audacity of the agitators. And a little later it was he who capitulated to the unions in order to get the factories running again, regardless of the price. It is also recalled that between 1962 and 1968, he carried out with one or two exceptions—without resistance or argument—the sometimes questionable orders of his predecessor. This background indicates certain weaknesses; M. Pompidou may not be strong enough to surmount all the difficulties ahead.

In addition, his victory as "the Gaullist candidate" could well provoke revenge on de Gaulle's part. (Christian charity is not the quality for which de Gaulle is best known.) Last winter and early this spring de Gaulle spent lots of energy trying to block Pompidou's return to power. Now Pompidou reigns, in his place, in the Palais de l'Elysée. Will the recluse of Colombey-les-Deux Eglises allow this crime of lèse-majesté to go unpunished? He still has enough followers in the ruling party to put severe pressure on the chief of state. Exposed both to the intrigues of his friends and the machinations of his foes, Mr. Pompidou will face hard times come October. Not everything was decided on June 15. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On Bugging Martin Luther King

On The Right

New York, July 2—It transpires that the telephone of the Reverend Martin Luther King Jr. was bugged over a period of at least two years, a bit of information of scandalous implications which hit the news as a result of an investigation, utterly tangential, into the complicated affairs of Cassius Clay. The chain of events is as follows:

1) Cassius Clay appeals his conviction for refusing to serve in the Army.

2) His lawyers demand that the Justice Department reveal what information against Clay they got from the tapping of his telephone.

3) Among Clay's telephone conversations were some with Dr. Martin Luther King, which conversations it turns out were overheard by the FBI not because Clay's telephone was being tapped but because King's telephone was being tapped.

4) All hell breaks loose. Yes, the FBI conceded, it is true that the telephone of MLK was being tapped. The reason for it, a spokesman said, was that the allegation had reached Attorney General Robert Kennedy that MLK was keeping very bad company, most specifically one individual whose complicity with the Communist movement was suspect, so that the FBI, on Kennedy's orders, tapped King's line.

5) That went on for two years, stretching several months after Robert Kennedy was replaced as Attorney General by Nicholas Katzenbach. The FBI gave it to be understood that Katzenbach ratified Kennedy's instructions to tap Dr. King's telephone.

6) Sometime in 1965 the taps apparently stopped. It is a question to which one receives conflicting answers what exactly happened at that point. According to former Attorney General Ramsey Clark,

7) J. Edgar Hoover kept after him for permission to resume the tapping of Dr. King's telephone but the permission was denied.

Interesting questions: Was permission denied because Ramsey Clark recoiled against Robert Kennedy's original authorization of the telephone tap? Because, surveying the fruits of two years' eavesdropping, he concluded—in disagreement with Hoover—that the findings did not justify a continuation of the tap? Were J. Edgar Hoover's personal passions involved? In 1964 Mr. Hoover denounced Dr. King in an interview with a journalist, damning him as "the most notorious liar in the country."

THE OSTENSIBLE REASON for this denunciation was King's accusation against the FBI that they were not doing their duty in the South in tracking down Civil Rights' violations. That charge against the executive was so routine that sophisticated observers ruminated at the time that Hoover had something graver against Dr. King than merely King's use of the usual polemic against the Establishment's law enforcers. What?

How then does it stand? Suppose that one gives every one of the principals the benefit of the doubt. In that case one assumes:

1) that Robert Kennedy, Attorney General, had *prima facie* grounds for believing that the best interests of the internal security warranted tapping the telephone of Martin Luther King;

2) that Nicholas Katzenbach, Attorney General, decided responsibly in 1965 that the telephone taps had not revealed anything of sufficient value to justify the continuing violation of Martin Luther King's privacy;

3) that J. Edgar Hoover's disagreement was also responsible, i.e., that Katzenbach and Clark were not motivated by a fear of the political influence of King, and Hoover was not motivated by any desire to persecute King;

4) that Martin Luther King was not in fact in dalliance with enemies of the republic, nor was he planning grave disruptions.

Any way you add it up, what we have here is a crisis of confidence. Those who oppose Robert Kennedy from the left will rush in to say that here is posthumous evidence that Kennedy was after all a McCarthyite. Those who oppose him from the right will judge that here is evidence afresh of Kennedy ruthlessness. Those who oppose wiretapping in principle will proclaim that here is a classic example of the wanton use of wiretapping which has resulted in loosing nothing more than rumors about Dr. King's personal life. Those who distrust Mr. Hoover will say that here is an example of his desire to use the wiretap in order to validate a bias he expressed in 1964. Those who trust Hoover will say that here is the dispassionate public servant urging the ideologized successors of Robert Kennedy to permit the wiretapping of someone whose telephonic conversations were in fact national security business.

The crisis of confidence warrants, even at the expense of the posthumous privacy of Martin Luther King, a congressional investigation which should now go forward. □

VOLUNTEERS FOR COMBAT

New York, June 30 — President Nixon handled Mr. Clark Clifford with great dispatch and not, I expect, without a little zest. The question was put to Mr. Nixon: What did he think of the proposals of Clark Clifford that our troops should be withdrawn from Vietnam at the rate of one hundred thousand this year, and another hundred thousand next? Oh, said Mr. Nixon, he hopes to do much better than that—and in any case, better than Mr. Clifford was able to do. During his year as Secretary of Defense, all that he and the enemy finally agreed upon was the shape of the negotiating table. During those negotiations American casualties were at the highest rate of the war.

MR. NIXON'S POLICY—it becomes increasingly clear—is to reinvest the South Vietnamese government with the responsibility for providing its own defense with, however, unlimited, or virtually unlimited, access to American materiel. For this policy in theory there is noble precedent. "Give us the tools and we'll do the job," Winston Churchill said to us, shortly before we sent him three or four million men. No matter, the idea is sound: and Mr.

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Nixon's next step should quickly be announced.

It is to make combat duty in Vietnam voluntary.

The desirability of this commitment is more obvious than its feasibility. Under ideal conditions, just to begin with, fighting should be voluntary, even though service is not. Sometimes it becomes necessary to conscript the general citizenry not only to serve but also to fight. But when the presumption in favor of voluntary fighting can be indulged, what is the argument for not doing so?

GRANTED THAT THERE ARE ambiguous lines between the combatant and the non-combatant. In the Second World War, more people were killed who served in the Air Corps as support personnel, than aviators. Still, it is uniquely the command to kill, rather than the risk of being killed, that galls the refractory conscience. It does not follow at all that if such an order were given, opposition to the war in Vietnam would end: any more than it follows that if we ended the war in Vietnam, peace would return to our colleges and ghettos. It does follow that the single most compelling argument would be taken away from the protesters. No American would thereafter be called to engage in combat activity if he elected not to do so.

What of the feasibility? The Pentagon will inform you that 60 per cent of its troops in Vietnam are combat troops, which would put the figure at 320,000. In fact, among these there are many who, although they run risks, are not expected to fire rifles or toss hand grenades. A total of 35,000 men have been killed in four and one-half grueling years of war, during which period almost two million American servicemen have served in Vietnam. The point of these general calculations is that a little realistic reclassification would almost certainly reveal that the true combat soldiering in Vietnam is the work of probably no more than 150,000 men.

The United States has a standing army in excess of 800,000. It is by no means the case that 100 per cent of those who are conscripted to serve would elect not to fight. To begin with there is in many people a sense of pride which gravitates towards the position that however unpopular a war is, if others of their own age are fighting and taking their chances, so will they. For another, there are the material rewards. Already they are on the books, as with aviators who receive more pay for high-hazard duty. And there is, as we note, the standing army, all of them composed of volunteers, which could be redeployed so as to intensify the availability in Vietnam of professional soldiers.

Pending, of course, the consummation of Richard Nixon's goal, which is to let the Vietnamese do their own fighting. Our sacrifices would still be substantial, even as they were substantial in the Second World War (curious, how infrequently we heard it said in those days: let the Asians do their own fighting). President Nixon would accomplish a great deal for the general tranquility by consulting with his military advisers and then writing that liberating decree. □

DON'T EAT GRAPES ALONG WITH ME

New York, June 28 —We have a softness for Ethel Kennedy, and therefore we weep. Imagine coming out of political retirement (incidentally, how fine it would be if she remained in political retirement and continued to inspire us all as a mother and a woman) in order to not eat grapes at a big social party in Southampton hosted by Ann Ford Uzielli, Charlotte Ford Niarchos, the Carter Burdens, the George Plimptons, the James Nivenses and, as the press puts it, "maybe Anthony Quinn." That is what she is up to. Herewith, respectfully submitted, a few observations for Mrs. Kennedy, general and particular.

1) The ban-the-grapes movement centering upon the efforts of César Chavez to unionize the grape-hands in southern California is, to say the least, incompletely informed. The grape boycotters are contending that the grape-hands live in inhuman conditions and that all of this is the result of a few grape-growing monopolists who take ruthless advantage of the misery of immigrant Mexican farm-hands, whose liberation is the cause of César Chavez.

In fact, the situation is not as depicted. Two prominent Canadian liberals who figured in the Toronto grape boycott there a while ago have just come back from a tour of Delano —the center of the struggle—to report that the squalid living conditions Chavez speaks about are largely fictitious, that the workers oppose a union because they fear that it would limit their working hours and therefore their earning power; and that there are reasons to suspect that the high pressure being put on the area is rather imperialistic than compassionate: that what the AFL-CIO desires is a foot-in-the-door to ease their way into the national scene as bargaining agents for all farm-workers, which position would bring them $84 million per month.

2) 90 per cent of the pickers are not migrants but permanent residents. Wages? The average farm-worker wage in California is, according to the Department of Agriculture, the highest in the nation at $1.69. The average wage of the grape-pickers is over $2 per hour. Far from being owned by large corporations, all but two of Delano's seventy ranches are family-operated.

3) If the grape boycott is finally successful, what will happen is very simply this, the grape-growers will convert their vineyards into wine-grapes, which do not need the human care that the other grapes need. That will result in the loss of thousands of jobs.

4) And now at a more general level. If we are in the mood to boycott people who displease us, it would appear that one ought to shop around a little more resourcefully.

DOES MRS. KENNEDY KNOW that the beautiful people regularly eat Polish hams? These are produced by a state in which living conditions are materially poor, and in which there is a total lack of political freedom.

Isn't it possible that the clan will gather at Southampton in automobiles that use Liberian rubber? *Liberian* rubber. Have you ever been to Liberia and seen the working conditions there? Might they, at that party at Southampton offer tea. Tea from Ceylon? Nepal? Where the tea-growers earn maybe ten, fifteen cents an hour?

It gets chilly in Southampton at night, so the girls may wear their sables, tracked down by slave labor in the frozen wastes of Russia. It will in any case be a dressy affair, so the ladies will wear their diamonds. Mined in South and Southwest Africa, by black men earning a pittance, working under inhuman conditions. Then, after the speeches, they will toast César Chavez —with champagne, distilled from grapes picked in the Champagne country in France by grape-pickers who earn less than one-half what they earn around Delano.

5) On the other hand, if we were to boycott sables, diamonds, tea and champagne, how will the beautiful people survive? They can't *eat* Ethel Kennedy. I mean, politics isn't *everything*.

6) So that the moral, dear Ethel, is never, ever, ever ever join any committee, not even a committee to clean the streets, if its members are the Ford girls, George Plimpton, Carter Burden, and the James Nivenses. They are my brothers and sisters and I love them, but politically, well, you may as well ask Zsa Zsa Gabor to rewrite the Constitution. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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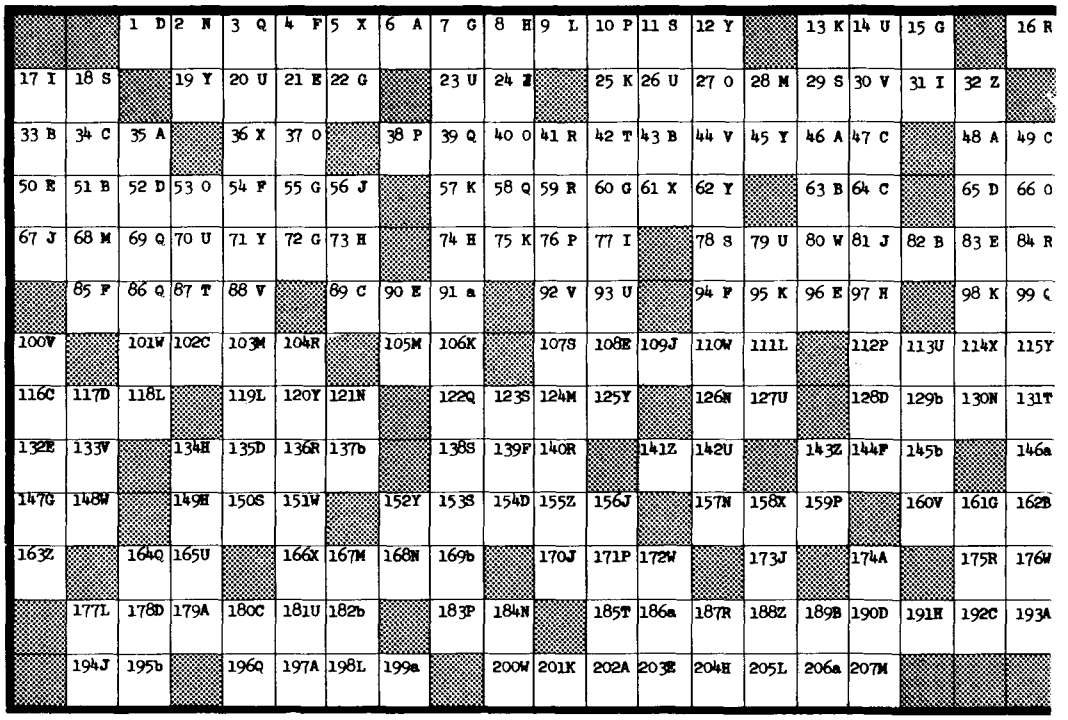
Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (below) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in below, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 712 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram



DEFINITIONS

A. English essayist, 1785-1859 — 35 197 48 6 46 179 202 174 193

B. Italian painter, 1483-1520 — 43 33 162 82 63 189 51

C. One of a class of speculative treatises forming a late part of the Vedic literature — 49 47 102 34 116 64 89 192 180

D. Italian composer who spent most of his life in France; 1760-1842 — 128 135 65 190 178 1 52 117 154

E. City in South Bulgaria — 203 108 50 132 96 83 21 90

F. Kind of pie — 4 139 85 54 94 144

G. The policy of a state intent on regaining areas of its original territory that have been lost to other states — 60 22 72 161 15 7 147 55

H. Any of various arboreal frogs — 74 8 97 73 134 149 204 191

I. One of North Carolina's senators, 1945-1954 — 17 24 31 77

J. Crude representations used for purposes of ridicule — 81 67 170 194 156 173 109 56

K. Vases with large egg-shaped bodies, narrow cylindrical necks, and two handles rising nearly to the levels of the orifices — 95 13 25 75 106 98 201 57

L. Any miscellaneous collection — 118 111 198 119 177 9 205

M. Any one of the separate productions that constitute a movie, radio, or television serial — 124 103 28 207 167 105 68

N. An effusion — 126 2 121 184 168 130 157

O. To sell on the stock market — 66 27 37 40 53

P. A close-fitting outer garment, worn by men in the Renaissance — 159 171 183 112 38 76 10

Q. *What money realized from guano deposits constitutes to those who market it* — 164 86 69 3 39 58 99 196 122

R. Another name for the marsh mallow — 187 16 59 104 175 84 136 140 41

S. An epithet of Zeus — 29 153 107 123 18 150 11 138 78

T. A hearing or an inspection in open court which a party might demand of any instrument of which the opposite party was bound to make profert — 87 185 42 131

U. A by-product of cattle, used chiefly as a dressing for leather — 23 14 20 142 165 127 93 26 70 79 113 181

V. Contorted — 92 88 30 44 160 133 100

W. A person who has been brought in from some other place — 110 80 200 176 172 101 148 151

X. Tormented by persistent faultfinding — 36 5 61 166 158 114

Y. Freed from attachment — 120 125 45 71 152 12 19 62 115

Z. To haunt or overrun in a troublesome manner — 141 155 143 163 32 188

a. To chirp — 146 91 186 206 199

b. Over there — 137 129 195 169 182 145

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How this book got its offbeat title — as told by Aloise herself...

Did I *really* tell Timothy that Tommy Major's mother was going to Hell because she voted for Johnson? No, I did not. Once and for all.

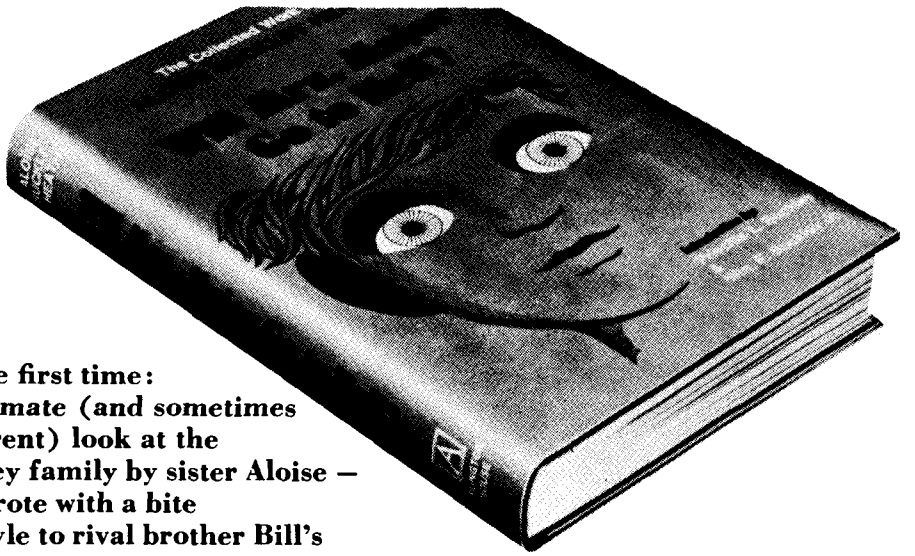
What happened was this. One day Timothy said: "Would you go to Hell if you voted for Johnson?"

I said: "Do you mean me or do you mean people? If you mean me, the answer is yes because I'm an educated voter and I'd be committing a mortal sin if I voted for him. If you mean 'people,' no, because they are not as smart as your dear, dear mother, you lucky boy." Tim looked at me gravely. "Will Tommy's mother go to Hell? She's going to vote for Johnson."

"Oh, I don't think so, Tim," I said, not terribly interested in the whole subject. "She doesn't know enough to know what she's voting for. But wouldn't she be surprised if she *did* go to Hell!"

It was then that I made my big mistake. You remember those lovely warm days last fall. Well, they affect me very badly. They increase my euphoria to the point of mania. I was near the piano while I talked to Tim and I sat down and played and sang, *"Tommy's mother went to Hell/On the Donkey ticket/Now she knows a Johnson vote/Is very, very wicked."* Timothy thought it was charming and rushed out to collect his friends Brian and Billy to hear it. Billy called in his sister Beth who was playing with Pammy Shepherd from the next street over. In about ten minutes there were over a dozen children in the house bawling out at the top of their lungs the news that *"Tommy's mother went to Hell."* And what was I doing? Big fat fool that I am. I was sitting there at the piano bawling it out with them and playing different versions of the piano accompaniment and setting up duets and interesting arrangements and in general behaving not at all like a woman whose living room windows face onto the Major driveway. And that's absolutely all there is to it.

I don't blame her for thinking it was a rehearsal. I don't even blame the children for telephoning her the next few days and nights to sing it. I drummed it into their heads so hard they probably still can't think of another tune. And that I swear is the whole story. It is absolutely what happened. And don't believe any other version.



For the first time: an intimate (and sometimes irreverent) look at the Buckley family by sister Aloise — who wrote with a bite and style to rival brother Bill's

WILL MRS. MAJOR GO TO HELL?

by Aloise Buckley Heath

— with a long, haunting, loving Introduction by Priscilla L. Buckley and William F. Buckley, Jr.
A Selection of the Conservative Book Club.

Aloise Buckley Heath might well have won the acclaim she deserved: as a major American humorist. In this collection of her writing — some published, some appearing for the first time in print, some from the book privately printed as a tribute to her late father — her genius and her gay spirit shine brilliantly to cheer a weary land and to remind us, when we need it most, that life in America can be good, and fun.

She tells us about her father, William F. Buckley, Sr., and how he enforced his simple theory about raising children: "that they become absolutely perfect." She tells about brother Billy who, at age six, wrote to George V demanding that England pay her war debt . . . and about brother Reid who a generation ahead of his time, sported heavy sideburns.

She tells about her childhood at the family estate in Connecticut and in the capitals of Europe . . . makes real for us the bedrock role of religion in the family's life . . . gives us a warm, close-up view of the Buckley brothers and sisters during the "getting married" years. Laughing all the way, she chronicles brother Bill's rise to fame from his early years at Yale through the first decade of *National Review*. Aloise is always a warm storyteller; at her best she is hilarious.

Aloise died suddenly, tragically, in 1967. This book celebrates her exuberant spirit. Reading it is pure joy. An intimate visit with two wonderful families, at a time when squalor passes for entertainment, here is a book about American family life that is funny, and *inspiring*. The kind of book to remind us that America has more to offer than the present Dark Age.

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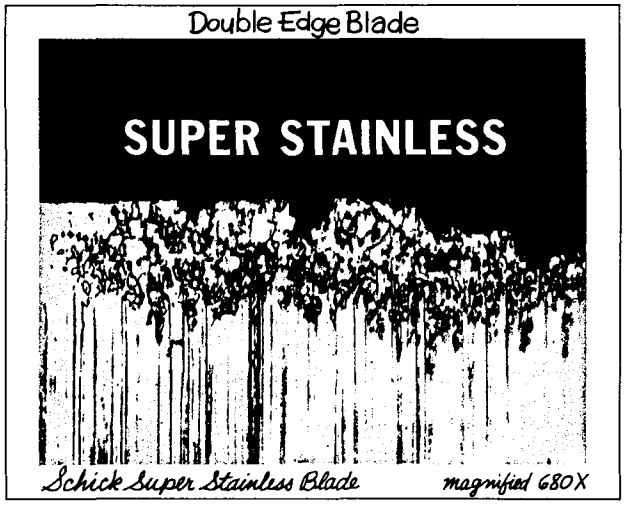
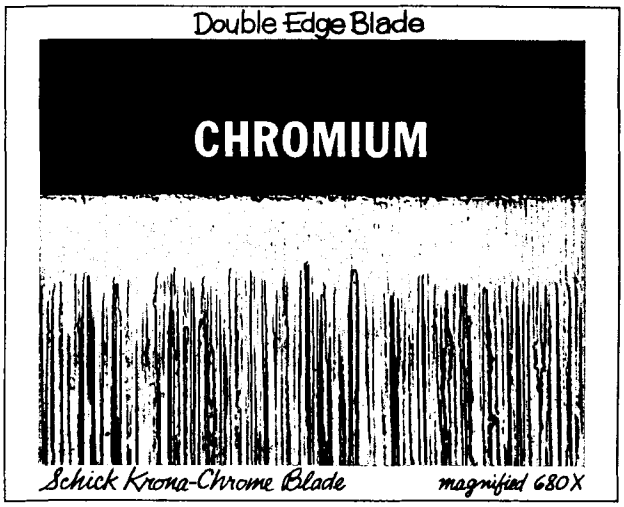
Schick® chromium out-shaves and outlasts any super stainless

(even our own)



Super stainless is not complete protection against corrosion. This, for instance, is a corroded section of a plastic-coated Schick super stainless edge after five shaves, magnified 680 times. It's rough, pitted, corroded.



This is a section of the new plastic-coated Krona-Chrome chromium edge after five shaves, magnified 680 times. As you can see, chromium more effectively resists blade breakdown due to corrosion.

Only Schick Krona-Chrome® has the chromium edge.

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